POEMS

IN Q. 24. 70

TWO PARTS.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

First, An Interlocutory Di
course concerning the *Creati*
Fall, and *Recovery* of Man.

Secondly, A Dialogue betw
Faith and a *Doubting Soul*.

By *SAMUEL SLATER*.

LONDON:
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TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

AN itch of Scribling and appearing in Print, hath not seiz'd me, though I must confess my self easily perswaded to draw up this following Discourse. An account of my publishing the Dialogue between Faith *and a* doubting Soul *you will find before it. That being delivered to the Book-seller, and by him communicated to some of my Brethren, they were pleased to signifie their approbation thereof, wishing withal, it might be accompanied with something about the* Fall of Man. *The motion I readily closed with, and so set to work in the midst of many affairs, and under a very tenacious and afflictive distemper. Yet I have in short time finished it, and now send it abroad. Be pleased to give it a fair and friendly reception. If thou dost not like some things in it, no more*

do I, yet have not leisure to mend them. I was much taken with Learned Mr. Miltons Cast *and* Fancy *in his Book, viz.* PARADISE LOST. *Him I have followed much in his method, and have been otherwise beholding to, how much I leave thee to judg; but I have used a more plain and familiar stile, because I conceive it most proper. Cast a mantle of love over failings wherever thou findest them, and either do better, or accept this from*

Thy Cordial Friend,

Febr. 6.
167$^{8}_{9}$.

SA. SLATER.

A

DISCOURSE

CONCERNING

The *Creation*, *Fall* and *Recovery* of Man.

Jehovah Elohim.

I *Am that which I am*; this is His Name,
Who happy always is, always the same.
He Essence and Existence owes to none,
Whom can he owe it to, being God alone?
Himself he his own happiness doth call;
What can he want, who in himself hath all?
Both life and light, and love, and every thing,
Which may delight and satisfaction bring.
Of company there is no want, for he
Hath in himself a Blessed Trinity.

Before the World was, he was not alone ;
He then was, and is ſtill full Three in One.
And in this happy, that the Trinity
Doth not divide his perfect Unity,
For the Three Perſons are one Eſſence ſtill,
One therefore in affection, one in will.
The Son ſet up from everlaſting, is
His Father's great delight, the Father his.
Before him always he rejoiceth, he
Cauſeth and findeth matchleſs joy to be.
The Spirit too, which doth from them proceed,
Doth the ſame joy both feaſt upon, and feed.
But though no want of any thing could be
Conſiſtent with his ſacred Deity;
His Goodneſs did not love to ſtay at home,
Communications did it become.
He did no Heaven need, is his own place ;
Yet for th' eternal glory of his Grace,
Heaven he fram'd, and Earth, both by a word
Of power ; in both he is the Soveraign Lord.
Above, he Angels plac'd, who all once ſhone
As Morning-Stars about that Glorious Throne,
On which he ſits an everlaſting Sun,
Whoſe influence and beams can ne're be done.
A Law to them he gave, that Law ſome brake,
And down he kickt them to the burning Lake ;
Where they in everlaſting chains ſhall lie ;
Wiſhing for death, though they can never die.
Yet Heaven is not empty, for although
Many did fall, many do ſtand, who do

Attend

Attend upon him: Thouſands, yea, and more,
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand do adore
His Majeſty with veiled face, and ſing
In th' higheſt glory to their God and King.
But beſides Angels, he from Earth did take
A deſpicable clod, and of it make
A Creature, whom he nobly did endue
With Will and Underſtanding, and did ſhew
In him his own Image; than Angels leſs
He was but little, for with Holineſs
God did inveſt him, and reſolv'd to make
Him of ne're-ending happineſs partake:
And with his choſen Progeny to fill
His ſtately Palace, his moſt holy Hill.
So he reſolv'd, ſo did, and formed man,
One and no more; in one the World began.
Of duſt he formed him, duſt of the ground;
Yet he with Honour him, and Glory crown'd.
His own ſimilitude he gave him, and
Sov'raign authority for to command
Fiſhes of Sea, with Fowls, and Beaſts of field,
Who all obedience unto him muſt yield.
And having made him for his pleaſure-ſake,
He commun'd with him, and thus to him ſpake.

GOD.

Adam who art my Workmanſhip, know, thou
Unto none ſhalt, but thy Creator bow.
Others ſhall bow to thee, thee I have given
All things that are under the cope of Heaven.

The world is thy dominion, but my love
Hath for thy Court choſen this pleaſant Grove ;
Eden I call't, a Garden where thou haſt
Varieties to pleaſe both eye and taſt.
One fruit alone's with-held, and therefore ſee,
Thou do not venture once to taſte that Tree
Which knowledg doth of Good and Evil give,
Forbear to taſte it, as thou hop'ſt to live.
I, who am Truth it ſelf, and cannot lie,
Say, *In the day thou eateſt, thou ſhalt die.*
Death 'tis I threaten, therefore have a care ;
Who e're ſhall tempt thee to't, *Adam* beware.
All other fruits I give thee for thy meat,
Of them thou haſt free leave freely to eat.
Be then content, if this thou taſteſt, ſin
Will draw the latch, and ſo grim Death comes in.

ADAM.

O God my Maker, I do thee adore
For mine own being, and this bounteous ſtore :
Which thou provideſt haſt, O let my love
Always flame high to thee my God above.
Yet grant me leave to ſpeak, and make my moan
Unto thy gracious ear: I am alone,
In midſt of comforts comfortleſs, ſince I
My days do paſs without ſociety.
Whatever creatures in the world there are,
Of each ſort of them I do find a pair.
Which I together ſee aſſociate,
And ſweetly pleaſe themſelves, each in his Mate.

But

But betwixt me and them's disparitie;
No pleasure therefore, 'cause no harmonie.
Man should not turn a bruit, and no bruit can
Be a companion suitable to man.

GOD.

Canst not thou find pleasure enough alone?
What Prince would have another in his Throne?
Look round about thee, see, how I have made
Others to serve, and thee to be obey'd.
On thee shall all attend, from thee take Law,
And of thee every one shall stand in awe.
Before thee they shall come to sport and play,
And various delights yield every day.
Names thou hast given them, and so dost know
Their nature: and their duty they know too.
Be satisfied then, and mind my charge,
Great are thy comforts, thy dominion large.
Besides, look up to me, I am alone,
From everlasting beside me is none.
Heaven view, & Skie, with Sea, & Earth, and Air,
And who is there that can with me compare?
All Creatures I have made, and all to me
Be more inferior than they are to thee.
Yet be assured, that I do possess
In mine own self most perfect happiness.

ADAM.

Lord, pardon me, thy dust, if I reply,
And once more speak unto thy Majesty.

I can-

I cannot comprehend thee, but admire
Thy glorious being, and thou art still higher
Than is mine admiration; thou above
My highest thoughts art placed, or my love.
In thee do all perfections abound,
No one deficiency in thee is found.
In essence, Lord, I know, thou art but one
Yet being all in all, thou needest none.
In thy self thou hast all, so have not I.
A creature cannot grasp Infinity
Of bliss and happiness in its own arms,
And therefore cannot but look out for charms,
And beauties, and delights; one that may be
Fit to serve God, fit to converse with me.
One that may be my comfort every way,
My help at all times, both in night and day.

GOD.

Adam, thou know'st me God, who do full well
My Creatures understand, and who can tell
Whatever may thought necessary be
To render perfect thy felicity.
I Information do need from none,
But knows it's bad for man to be alone.
And among all my Creatures do not see
One that is a companion meet for thee.
My bounty hath run over, ne'retheless
My bounty to thee I'le yet more express.
All that I do intend, thou hast not yet
Received from my gracious hand; it's fit

My

My pleasure thou should'st wait, but *Adam* know,
What is my purpose, what for thee I'le do.
To work again I will, one I will make,
In whom thou pleasure and delight maist take.
Into a comely body I'le inspire
A noble Soul, which to thy hearts desire
Shall most completely suit, and I will bring
Her to thee, and in her thou every thing
Most lovely and desirable shalt find,
All that's now wanting to thy craving mind.
For with a deep sleep I thine eyes will close,
And bind thy senses up: and not unlose
That bond again, until out of thy side
A Rib I take, and of it make a Bride.
I will a rib take, flesh and spirits warm,
And vital blood, without doing thee harm.
For th' operation shall cause no pain,
And when it's done, I'le heal the wound again.
This Rib thus taken out, I my self will
Form curiously by mine own power and skill
Into an humane creature, thou shalt see
Thy soul and body in her sampled be.
Sex only shall be diff'rent, all things fair
In her thou shalt conclude contained are.
From her converse thou maist receive new store
Of pleasing sweets thou didst not know before.
No sooner said than done; *Adam*, see here
A Virgin for thee, a companion dear.

ADAM.

ADAM.

Bleſſed Creator, of thine own good will,
Heaven and Earth with goodneſs thou doſt fill.
On all thy works great beauty is impreſt,
But of all Fairs, this fair one is the beſt.
My ſelf I in her ſee, bone of my bone,
Fleſh of my fleſh ſhe is, my lovely one.
Woman ſhe ſhall be called, becauſe ſhe
Extracted was from man, even from me.
And for this cauſe he ſhall moſt gladly leave
Father and Mother, and to's Wife ſhall cleave.
Let nothing their joint-happineſs controul,
For they one fleſh ſhall be, one heart and ſoul.

GOD.

Adam conſider well, and throughly know,
What love, praiſe, and obedience thou doſt owe
Unto me thy Creator, who did rear
Thee out of duſt, and then inclin'd mine ear
To thy requeſt, and gave thee one that might
Make great addition unto thy delight.
Now have a care, ſin not, but ſtand in awe.
Do not thou diſobey me; and the Law
I gave thee think upon. Do not thou eat
Of that one tree, its fruit is deadly meat.
In framing of thy Wife, I've done my part,
She hath thine image, and thou haſt her heart.
Act thou thy part alſo, thou art the Head;
It becomes thee to lead, her to be led.
She is to help thee, and with thee to live;
But counſel and advice are thine to give.

More

More wisdom therefore I on thee confer,
Use but that wisdom, and thou wilt not err,
Or wander from the path of life. Be thou
Her guide, for such I do ordain thee now.
She is a lovely Creature, therefore she
Deserveth love and cherishing from thee.
In a just ballance yet be sure to weigh
With her thy self, and do not overlay
Her worth with thy esteem. The greatest grace
Attends not always on the sweetest face.
The side from whence she came, keep thou her by,
And over her a tender watchful eye.
Let her not from thee go, lest she alone
Be by another, thou by her undone.
Thus have I set thee up, thus I advise,
My charge do not forget, *Adam* be wise.

ADAM.

Come, dearest Consort, of my self a part,
Who of me formed wast, who hast my heart:
By our Creators gift, *Eve*, thou art mine;
And by bond-conjugal I too am thine.
May nothing, nothing, nothing ever be
Cause of disquiet unto thee or me.
Look round about thee, all things here below
Are subject unto us, to us they owe
Obedience, and we to God above,
All whose commands speak him a God of love.
For greatest there is none but thou and I,
But he hath said, *Increase and multiply.*

While

While we do live, let us rejoice together;
Yea, let us ſtill rejoice one in another;
Yet moſt in God himſelf, for he will be,
If we ſin not, ours to eternitie.
He hath this Garden given us to tend,
We muſt both dreſs and keep it; we muſt bend
Our labours that way: but our labour will
Breed us no pain nor wearineſs, but ſtill
Our recreation prove; this bleſt eſtate,
In which we are, hath nothing to abate
Our full-grown pleaſures; here will be no let
Of ſickneſs, tyring none, no grief nor ſweat.
See what variety of trees God made
For our uſe and delight: Now in the ſhade
Of this we'l ſport together, then at root
Of that we'l ſit, then go and pluck the fruit
Of one and other freely; there's no fear,
No none at all, of catching ſurfeits here.
Avoid the Tree forbid, and then there's none,
But we may feed upon, all are our own.

EVE.

Our lines are fallen well; we with delight
May feaſt in day, and then may reſt at night
In ſweet embraces. Our great Lord thought meet
T' appoint a place of pleaſures for our ſeat.
As for our work, we may not quarrel it,
Since by him ordered, by whom 'tis fit
All things ſhould order'd be, becauſe all made;
His will, whate're it is, muſt be obey'd.

And

And therefore, *Adam*, let us up and do
The work which our Creator ſet us to.
And if you do conſent, we'l part a while,
And work aſunder, becauſe every ſmile
Which paſſeth us between, will prove a let,
Taking us off from buſineſs; when we get
Alone, our work we follow harder may,
And comfortably end it with the day.
Continual enjoyment may abate
Sweetneſs, ſo that we may it nauſeate.
A little abſence now and then will prove
Sauce to our dainties, fewel to our love.
When after that we two again do meet,
We ſhall with freſh delight each other greet.

ADAM.

Silence, my Deareſt, I cannot abide
To think thou ſhouldſt be abſent from my ſide.
Becauſe our buſineſs doth not call away,
We may diſpatch it, and together ſtay. (ſure,
We were not made to toil, but work with plea-
And ſo may do what's to be done at leiſure.
Nor will ſome diſtance more advance our joy,
For in this ſtate communion can't annoy.
Fruition in Heaven's always full,
And yet delight in Heaven never's dull.
And prithee tell me why it mayn't be ſo
On Earth too, in a Paradiſe below.
But more, my Love, I fear leſt thou ſhouldſt be
In danger, when out of my companie.

For

For though we Happineſs our own may call,
Yet there is poſſibility of fall.
Angels in Heaven did ſin, and Heaven did loſe,
And then became of God and man the foes.
God they grudg honour, and us happineſs,
Endure they cannot that we ſhould poſſeſs
An Heaven now on Earth, nor that at laſt, (caſt
We ſhould that Heaven have whence they were
And therefore doubtleſs ſome of them will try,
Us two to bring to endleſs miſery.
Our frame they know, that we were made of duſt;
And if that we ſhould ſin, we again muſt
Unto the duſt return, whence we were taken,
Being of God and Happineſs too forſaken.
Malicious ſpirits they are, and underſtand
How any baſe deſign to take in hand,
And how to manage it; they full well know,
Which way will take beſt, whether ſo, or ſo.
'Tis true, they cannot force us, we may chuſe
Whether we'l yield unto them or refuſe.
Both theſe are in our power; never can
The power of Hell compel the will of man.
And I do know, my Love, that thou art wiſe;
But I know too, there may be a ſurpriſe.
My God made thee, becauſe I was but one,
He ſaw it was not good to be alone;
Wherefore ſince for my comfort thou waſt made,
Do not depart from my ſecuring-ſhade.
Thy honour and thy ſafety both do lie
In keeping in thy Husbands companie.

When

When we together are, my help thou't be,
And I ſhall give protection unto thee.

EVE.

What means all this, my Lord? doth Jealouſie
(That bane of conjugal Society)
Peep up already in thy breaſt? doſt fear
My faithfulneſs to God or thee? To hear
Ought to this purpoſe I expected not;
Unto mine Honour it's a ſtain, a blot.
Since force and violence cannot prevail,
Fraud and enticements ſure ſhall not avail.
Since I was framed by the hand of Heaven,
What have I done? or what occaſion given?
What haſt thou found either in look or word,
Or in one ſingle carriage, which afford
Ground of ſuſpicion may? I pray thee tell;
For me, I know, thou haſt obſerved well.
I from thy ſide was without fault tranſmitted
Into thy boſome, and have I committed
Any fault ſince? If thou doſt anſwer, None,
Let me know why I may not be alone.

ADAM.

Sweet Creature, made by God, and made of me:
Who under God art my felicity,
My Love, my Second-ſelf, my Hearts delight,
In whom I do rejoyce both day and night.
Think not that I would an Inditement draw
Againſt thee, for I cannot, there's no flaw

In thy perfections, but thou doſt ſtand
A Creature worthy of thy Makers hand.
No ſpot in thy moſt perfect beauty is,
Nothing at all in thee I find amiſs,
Nor yet in thy deportments; thou doſt do
Nothing but what becomes, and pleaſeth too.
And may this ſtill continue, may that grace
Reſt always on thy brow, that lovely face
Never be veiled with a bluſh for ſhame,
Let blemiſh never light upon thy name.
But though thou art, through innocency, fair,
Yet thou art mutable, ſo we both are.
And ere we are aware of it, may fall,
And thereby ruine both our ſelves and all
From us that ſhall proceed. One fatal blow
May us and our poſterity undo.
Wherefore I judg it needful to unite
Our ſtrength and reaſon, that we may keep right
What we have found ſo; if we ſtay together,
We may hold bravely up, and all ſtorms weather.
Should an Aſſailant come, then would I be
To thee a Monitor, and thou to me.
If thou be wiſe, this counſel thou wilt hear,
And follow, mov'd with love, nay mov'd with fear.
But if for all this, *Eve*, thou haſt a mind
Alone to go, and wouldſt not be confin'd
Unto thy Husbands Elbow; if to try
A combat ſingle with an Enemy
Do ſeem more glorious, than in the field
To have a Second that ſome help may yield;

Un-

Unwillingly I condeſcend, you may
Go, only God be with thee all the day.
Go in thy ſtrength, thy native innocence,
And may integrity be thy defence.
Conſider what thou art, and whoſe, and why,
Theſe things conſidering, do not comply
With a temptation, that would withdraw
Thee from thy duty, but then ſtand in awe.
God and his threatning ſcar with all thy heart;
To fear him is from evil to depart.
Of Virtues thou art full, ſummon them all,
If need be; to thy help me alſo call.

EVE.

Having obtained leave, away I'le go,
And arm'd with uprightneſs not dread a foe.
Likely it is, we are more nice than wiſe,
What miſchief can lurk in a Paradiſe?
Surely the envious one will never bend
Hither his ſteps, where Angels do attend
Upon us as a Guard. Or if to vex
Man be his choice, methinks the weaker Sex
He ſhould not firſt attempt. So great a foe
Will think it ſcorn for him to ſtoop ſo low.
But ſay he ſhould, He's fall'n, Why may not I
With eaſe reſiſt a fallen enemy?

SATAN.

I now that opportunity have met,
Which I ſo much have long'd for, and will ſet

My trap immediatly; for in my pain
Nothing can eaſe me unleſs her I gain;
Not for a Spouſe: Carnal embraces do
Not with Angelic Beings ſuit. We, who
Have nothing terrene in us, ſoar much higher,
And unto things more noble do aſpire.
It's for a ſlave I'd have her, that ſhe may
Fry in Hell-flames with me another day.
Lovely ſhe is: But what is that to me?
Before my fall I fairer was than ſhe.
And ſince revenge I do reſolve, I muſt
No beauty like, but as it draws to luſt.
What God and man doth pleaſe, doth me offend;
I ſhall by ſpoiling that attain my end.
That ſoul ſhall loſe its rectitude, that face
Shall be deveſted of its comely grace;
And when I have once drawn her into ſin,
How ſhall I laugh to ſee what caſe She's in?
Among the creatures I have been to chuſe
An inſtrument, by whom I may abuſe
This new-made couple, and find none ſo meet
As is the Serpent for this deviliſh cheat.
Of beaſts he is moſt ſubtle, the whole field
Doth not another half ſo crafty yield.
With him my ſelf I now incarnate will;
And in a Serpent be a Devil ſtill.
It matters not though I my ſelf abaſe,
So I Gods image may in man deface.
This Serpent then I'le uſe my mind to break;
He, taught by me, thus unto *Eve* ſhall ſpeak.

SER-

SERPENT.

Lady Supreme, unto whose great command,
We all are subject, and obedient stand.
Vouchsafe a pardon to me, who am bold
Your presence thus to enter, and behold
With ravisht spirit, and with humbled eye
Your person which resembles Deity.
Put on a smile, and do not that brow bend.
Where Majesty and Love seem to contend.
I was created dumb, but do rejoyce,
That now I can with an articulate voice,
Applaud the charms of thy beauty Divine,
And tell thee I by gift and love am thine.
Yea so are all things else, and were there more,
They all thy beauty always would adore.
Yet they of me fall short, for lately I
Some distance hence did happily espy
A goodly tree laden with fruit, which might
Tempt the most dull and sluggish appetite.
I had no sooner seen it, but my mind
Was for a tast sharp set. So I did wind
About the body of it, and at last
I did get up; being so, I could not cast
Mine eye on any twig, but I did meet
With numberless temptations to eat.
Restrain my self I could not any more;
Sin it was not to eat, where was such store.
Venture therefore I did, and don't repent,
For I return much better than I went.

Here is my former ſhape, my former skin,
But there's great alteration made within.
The ſtrings that once my tongue ti'd, now are
Into my mind a glorious light's infus'd. (loos'd,
I that before was beaſt throughout, now can
Hear, and diſcourſe, and underſtand like man.
When upon me this great effect was wrought,
Duly I it conſidered, and thought
It crime unpardonable ſhould I ſmother
Such an advantage, and acquaint no other
With what my ſelf had found. 'Twas in my heart,
Good groweth better when we it impart.
My Lord I dar'd not tell of this. His brow
Is with ſuch Majeſty array'd, we bow
Before him all amaz'd; without diſpute,
His very look will ſtrike a ſpeaker mute.
But from thy milder aſpect I did take
Encouragement humble addreſs to make,
And tell thee what I find. This is the Tree,
Which in a moment wrought this change in me.
If ſuch a Servitor would pleaſe, in haſte
I'd up again, and fetch you down a taſte.
Do it your ſelf, ſweet Lady, look up, and
Gather an Apple with your lilly-hand.
Had I but ought to pawn, it pawn would I,
That eating would advance you; Lady, try.

EVE.

Serpent, thou mightſt of thus diſcourſing me
Have ſav'd thy ſelf the labour. 'Tis a Tree,

We

We are forbidden; thou may'ſt go and boaſt
What good thou foundeſt, to the numerous hoſt
Of creatures lately made, and let them try,
If eating of it will them edifie,
As thee it ſeems it did; what is thy gain,
Should I taſt too, would ſurely be my bane.
Our great Creator did by words expreſs,
Command us to forbear, and ne'rtheleſs
Would'ſt thou have me to meddle? Shall a Law
So ſtrict be given, and I not ſtand in awe?
Is diſobedience the way to riſe?
Or can ſin be the way to become wiſe?
What e're advantage thisTree hath thee brought
I do conclude thy counſel now is naught.

SERPENT.

My Sovereign Miſtris, I thy pardon crave,
If I in any thing offended have.
For that offence did from pure love proceed,
And love deſerves a pardon when there's need.
With mine own gain I could content have ſtood,
Had I not zealouſly deſir'd thy good.
At what elſe could I aim? As for this Tree,
I could have kept its virtues hid from thee.
Yea, had I thought its fruit forbid, ſure I
Should not have dar'd to croſs that Majeſty
Whoſe great creating-Word did being give
To thee and me, and by whoſe Word we live.
Your patience yet moſt humbly I implore,
And beg you would conſider well, before

You positively determine any thing
In this one case. Unto your mind first bring
What God indeed did say, so you may see
You're under some mistake; I will be free.
Did he say, Madam, did he say; indeed,
On all these Garden-trees ye shall not feed?
Did he not constitute you Lords of all?
Hath he not made you owners general
Of Fish, and Fowl, and Beasts? Did he not give
Unto you all things that on earth do live?
And all the herbs that bear seed in the field,
With fruit of all Trees too that seed do yield?
And hath he after all excepted one,
Bounding thereby your vast Dominion?
Have you at last a confin'd liberty?
Freedom that is not, where all is not free.

EVE.

I well remember what our Lord did say,
As well as if he spoken had to day.
We may the fruit eat of all Trees that do
Within this most delightful Garden grow.
But for the fruit of this Tree, which doth stand
In th' midst of Garden, this is his command,
This, I am sure he said, for I was by,
Ye shall not eat, nor touch it, lest ye die.
And though, what Death is, I as yet can't tell,
I judg, that Death containeth in it Hell.

SERPENT.

Lo here the reaſon of a rigid Law,
Meerly to keep inferiors in awe.
Did God ſay thus, when ye do eat ye dye?
Look down and ſee that threat a foppery.
See't ſo in me, a kind of pious cheat;
I live, and yet I of that Tree did eat.
Nay that my eating quickly was attended
By nobler life than e're was me intended.
The beſt was thee deſign'd, ſure then at leaſt,
Eat thou maiſt what is eaten by a beaſt.
Shake off vain fear, I tell thee, even I,
What e're he ſaid, ſurely ye ſhall not die.
For God himſelf doth know it, what day ye
Do eat thereof, your eyes ſhall open'd be.
Yea, unto gods ye ſhall be like, for ſo
Both what is good and evil ye ſhall know.
Good, the more known it is, the more enjoy'd;
By knowing evil, you may it avoid.
And doth not this invite? Knowledg is one,
Nay a great part of Gods perfection.
With it you ſhould be filled, ſince the fates
Have made you Univerſal Potentates.
For he that is advanc'd to higheſt Rule,
Should be at furtheſt diſtance from a Fool.
Nor can your knowledg hurt God, if he be,
As we ſuppoſe, from imperfection free.
He knoweth all things, ſure; and what if you,
Who bear his Image, be made knowing too?

When

When your eyes opened are, you will thereby
Reſemble him the more who is all eye. (waſte?
But why ſhould we more words thus ſpend in
Stretch out thy hand, gather, and freely taſte.
That taſting will us change, but with theſe odds,
Me it makes like to you, you like to Gods.

EVE.

What time of day is it? Hath the ſwift Sun
His morning up-hill-courſe already run?
Me-thinks I feel a ſharpned appetite,
Which calls for food, and this Tree doth invite
To come and eat thereof. If I compare
All Fruits together, there is none more rare
Preſents it ſelf in th' Garden, none ſo well
Doth with its fragrancy delight my ſmell.
And ſure ſome hidden virtues in it lie,
Concealed hitherto from human eye
And underſtanding, yea the very name,
God gave it, doth greatly confirm the ſame:
Himſelf the *Tree of knowledg* did it ſtile,
Can ſuch a Tree deſtroy? can it defile?
Beſides experience good now hath me taught,
This lovely Tree was not deſign'd for nought
But a ſhew only, for one taſte did raiſe
And teach a creature dumb to ſpeak its praiſe.
Which is an argument, I ſhall not dye,
The Serpent eat and dy'd not, why ſhould I?
Are only we reſtrain'd? Death only found
Us two to fright, and keep us within bound?

Was

Was this rare fruit designed for a beast ?
And must we die the death, if taste the least ?
I'le not believe it, I will take and trie,
Yea, and taste too, although I taste and die.
But if when I have eaten I do live,
And like, I will some unto *Adam* give.

ADAM.

My Dear, where hast thou spent so many hours?
What work could thee detain ? what pleasant bow'rs
Could keep thee from me ? or what could supply
Thy Husbands room so long ? for certain I
Did greatly miss thee, and do find it true,
Upon this earth is nothing like to you.
Nor only so, for I did strangely find
A discomposure in my thoughts and mind,
Which boded ill, methought, a sudden blow
Was given, though by what hand I did not know.
The earth beneath did tremble, and withall,
Off from their trees the fading leaves did fall ;
Upon a sudden beauty left their fruit,
And all the pretty warbling birds stood mute.
Some creatures fearful grew, and others fierce,
Their looks were stern. *Eve*, I cannot rehearse
All that I did observe : My blood waxt chill,
My heart misgave me, there was something ill
Had fallen out ; and though I had e'en wove
Of choicest flowers a Garland for my love,

Out

Out of my hands I threw it, would not ſtay
A minute longer, but did come away.
In haſte to find thee, glad to meet thee here.
How doſt thou feel thy ſelf, how is't my dear?

EVE.

It never better was, never ſo well,
Unleſs I judg amiſs, ſince I could tell
What Being means. Thy company indeed
Moſt ſorely I did miſs, and ſhall take heed
Of future abſence; for I felt ſuch pain
Upon that ſcore, I would not feel again.
But that which me detain'd ſo long was this:
The ſubtle Serpent (who advanced is
Unto a nobler ſtate than what he had,
And is of that advancement very glad)
Moſt humbly came, deſirous to acquaint
Me with his change, and did moſt ſweetly paint
In lively colours virtues of that tree
Which you and I by God forbidden be
A taſte of. This he did in humane voice,
With words that were moſt eloquent and choice.
This ſecret, not being ſelfiſh, but moſt free,
Others ſhould with him ſhare, he did to me
Kindly impart, and withal much perſwade
Me for to take and eat ———

ADAM.

Ah! but I hope he did perſwade in vain.
My Deareſt tell me, for I am in pain

To

To know thee iſſue ———

EVE.

My Lord, he did perſwade, and did prevail.
I ſaw, I took, I eat. What wil't avail
Now to deny the fact; neither deſpiſe
Me for what's done, much clearer are mine eyes,
Scales off did fall, my mind is more ſublime,
Than e're I found it was before this time.
My ſpirits are dilated, my thoughts flie
Hither and thither with full libertie,
All my affections are rais'd, I do
Conclude my ſelf a kind of Goddeſs too.

ADAM.

My ſoul is troubled; thou haſt troubled me,
Who formed waſt my Comforter to be.
Upon me hath amazement taken hold;
My joints are looſed all; and horror cold
Runs through my veins, this 'tis to be undone
By her that is my dear and only one.
Oh! that I ever ſuffer'd thee to go
Alone, expos'd alone unto thy foe.
Had I deny'd thee then, I had not now
Known thoſe ſad ſinking ſorrows which I do.
Lately thou waſt moſt lovely and moſt ſweet,
In thee did all create Perfections meet.
But now thou art defac'd, thou now art loſt,
Which will a thouſand, thouſand ſorrows coſt.

Oh!

Oh! hadſt thou ne'er been made, or being made,
Wouldſt have my counſel given thee, obey'd.
Poor ruin'd *Eve*! for I muſt change my note,
What e're thou think'ſt, thou art to death devote.
Thy wound's incurable, who can it heal?
God never will the ſentence paſt repeal.

EVE.

Did I feel what thou feareſt, I would be
Alone a *victim* to that Deitie
Which thou ſuppoſeſt angry, and ſo end
All that diſpleaſure thou doſt apprehend.
But whence theſe fears? I pray and pray again,
That thou wouldſt tell me. Is not the caſe plain?
The Serpent did eat firſt, afterward I,
And we do live, why ſhouldeſt thou then die
If thou ſhouldſt eat? but grant it, hadſt not rather,
If die we muſt, that we die both together?
Where is thy love? or where thy noble heart?
Art thou afraid to die? ſhall death us part?
But where, where is he, if his fatal blow
Muſt cut me off, why don't he ſtrike it now?
Come let me hug thee in my tender arm,
And ſo infolded fear not any harm.
I tell thee, and with twenty kiſſes ſeal
The truth of theſe my words, I ne'r did feel
Such extaſies of joy as did inſue
My taſting of that tree. Taſte thou it too.

ADAM.

ADAM.

Since thou doſt give, my Dear, I'le take, although
I'm not deceiv'd like thee, but better know.
I know that eating this will do me harm,
But I am carried captive by thy charm.
My fleſh and bone thou haſt, with them my heart,
We two are one, and therefore will not part.
In happineſs thou didſt partake with me,
In miſeries I will partake with thee.
My great delight thou haſt been, even thou;
Whatever comes I will not leave thee now.
What though this hour I fetch my dying groan?
It would be death to me to live alone.
Or if thou die, and then another come,
That other never would fill up thy room.
Let God his pleaſure do, I will do mine,
In life and death reſolved to be thine.
Eve, I have eaten, and now own my love
To thee, which threatn'd death could not remove.

DEVIL.

Of my ends thus I maſter am, thus I
With eaſe have triumph'd o're mine enemy.
God did intend to honour duſt to raiſe,
And make theſe deſpicable worms a praiſe.
A race of men, he was reſolv'd, ſhould ſpring
From *Adam*'s loins, forſooth, them he would bring
To thoſe cœleſtial places whence we fell,
And while we do tormenting pains in hell

Suffer

Suffer without all hope; there they ſhould be
As favourites crown'd with felicity.
And that at which my ſpirit moſt recoils,
Is, they ſhould be enriched with our ſpoils.
And could we Angels brook it? though we are
Fallen and ruin'd, yet we cannot bear
Such an affront. I gladly would have prey'd
On his Imperial Throne, I would invade
His ſtately Royal Palace, if that it
Would but a ſiege, or ſtorm, or myne admit.
But its walls are too high for me to ſcale.
It's gate ſo faſtned, no ſtrength can prevail
To force it open, there he ſits ſecure
In happineſs for ever to endure.
Well, though his lofty Throne I could not ſhake,
I now have that atchieved, which will make
Some breach upon his peace, and ſpoil in part
His matchleſs joys, and grieve him to the heart.
I call to mind how greatly he was pleas'd
With our confuſion, when he had eas'd
Heaven of us as its burden, and in chains
Of darkneſs clapt us, while himſelf ſtill reigns
In light and glory; therefore now will we
Be pleas'd at his diſturbance, now that he
Is to repentance brought for making man,
Yea, grieveth inwardly for making man.
Where is the beauty now of his Creation?
He that his darling was, is his vexation.
I have him ſo ſeduc'd, that even he
Now is become his Makers enemy.

Man

Man, whom before he in his arms did cherish
Of Love, is now worse than the beasts that perish.
Hasten, sin, now, him with all evil fill;
Death feast upon him, but be hungry still.
Both air and earth your territories call,
And exercise dominion over all.
But specially o're man, diseases cast,
Sorrows throwe on him, and him killl at last.
Thus Devil, Sin, Death, and the Triplicity
Infernal, after all victorious be.
Let our grand enemy rejoyce, that out
Of Heaven he hath tumbled at one bout
So many thousand Angels. I can tell
Almost as great a feat perform'd by Hell
At once, and by one little Strat'gem I
Have *Adam* ruin'd, and his progeny,
Millions and Millions of them, who shall now
'Gainst God rebel, and to our Scepter bow.
Henceforth to make man happy shall cost more
A great deal than it would have cost before.

ADAM.

Night most uncomfortable I have had;
None such till now, a thousand thousand sad
And frightful thoughts have taken up my mind:
And now, *Eve*, at my waking I do find
My head much discompos'd, yea out of frame
I feel my self all o're, find not the same
Serenity within, nor strength without;
There is, alas! there is a total rout

Of purity, and peace, and joy; All's gone:
Inſtead of being made, we are undone.
Our eyes indeed are open'd, for I ſee
Our ſelves expos'd to ſhame and miſery.
Now we are naked, and that very thing
Which was our glory, doth now bluſhes bring.
Our rectitude is loſt, our beauty is
Turn'd to deformity. All is amiſs,
And out of order quite: where e'r mine eye
Fixeth, on ſelf or thee, I faults eſpy.
An hapleſs hour it was, when without fear
Thou didſt incline thy over-curious ear
Unto that ill-taught Serpent, who did feign
An humane voice, that he thereby might gain
Cloſer attention from thee, and infuſe
Notions would thy credulity abuſe
T'our ruin, he a very counterfeit
Was, and his promiſes an arrant cheat.
It's true, our eyes are open'd, and we do
Know good, as he ſaid, and what's evil too.
But that's bad knowledg, which increaſeth for-
row,
Something to day we feel, more ſhall to mor-
row;
And daily more. The good we had, is loſt:
And evil we do know unto our coſt.
How evil is it for us to be ſtript
Of innocencies robes, and to be whipt
With laſh of Conſciences! within are fears
Which do perplex our Spirits, in our ears

A dreadful ſound is always; in our face
Marks of ſin are inſtead of wonted grace.
With boldneſs now I cannot look on thee;
And how ſhall I with confidence then ſee
The face of God, whom we ſo much offended
After he had us both ſo much befriended?
Nay, how ſhall we upon the Angels look?
Or how will they ſuch loathſome Creatures (brook?
Let us go ſeek a place as dark as night,
Where we may be removed from that light
Which will our ſpots and blemiſhes diſcover:
For now we nothing are, but ſpots all over.

EVE.

Go then, I follow; for my cheeks are dy'd
Red with a bluſh: and firſt let us both hide
Some way or other thoſe parts which do ſeem
Of all the moſt uncomely, which we deem
Moſt fit to be concealed. Let us ſow
Broad and thick leaves together, which may go
About our middles, and ſo cover round
Such parts as now with ſhame do moſt abound.
For if we them with modeſty do hide,
Better we may Spectators eyes abide.
With Fig-leaves we are cloath'd, but ſad the (ſtory,
We fallen are down from our former glory.

ADAM.

A covering this is, but such as will
Neither secure nor beautifie; we're still
More cloath'd with shame; within we have no (rest:
Oh how do frightful thoughts our Souls molest!
Deep springs of fruitless sorrow do arise,
And streams of brinish tears flow from mine (eies;
In which I may be drenched all the day,
And I no hand know will them wipe away.
All things I find now in an uproar are,
All turned up-side down; my passions dare
Rebel against my Reason. That great Queen
Who was inthron'd by God, and should have (been,
Sole Governess, doth now a Captive stand,
Devested of its power, at the command
Of base unruly lusts, that strive to be
Controllers unto it, masters to me.
So Understanding rules not, but my will
Scorns to obey its dictates; they both still
Bow to a bruitish appetite, and I
Can only groan under its tyranny.
For this, *Eve*, thee I thank; to thee I owe
All, even all the miseries I know.
Wouldst thou have kept thy place, hadst thou (obey'd
Thy Husbands counsels, wouldest thou have stay'd
By

By me, as I advis'd, this had not been;
Such a ſad caſe as this we had not ſeen.
Learn henceforth to keep home; without diſpute,
Of womans wandring, miſchief is the fruit.

EVE.

Be not ſo partial, *Adam*, prethee, come,
Lay not the fault on me alone; bear ſome
Of it thy ſelf; it cannot be deny'd
But we between us ſhould the blame divide.
When was that charge giv'n forth? When did (God ſay
Be ſure that you together always ſtay.
I did conclude kind Heaven did us permit
Sometimes to be alone, and judg'd it fit
So to be then; and being innocent,
Thought where I would I might go, ſo I went.
My head thou waſt; if therefore thou didſt know
Miſchief would follow, why didſt let me go?
One poſitive command of thee had made
My purpoſe change, and me with thee have ſtaid.
I did not, would not go without thy leave;
I had it, thou didſt me permiſſion give.
And likely 'tis, had I been by thy ſide,
We both had fallen, had we both been tri'de.

ADAM.

I am undone by thee, and yet muſt I
Be charged as cauſe of our miſery?

By granting leave to go, I did approve
My ſelf to thee; yet blam'd am for my love.
And is't indeed juſt matter of complaint,
That I on thee laid not a full reſtraint?
Alas! that could not be impos'd by me,
For God himſelf had us created free.
Adviſe I did, and warn'd, yea did foretel
What en'mies were abroad, and what might well
Fall out unto our hurt and prejudice
Even in this delightful Paradiſe.
But when all had ſaid, thy confidence
Was rais'd, being built on thine own innocence
And ſtrength. But to ſpeak fully to thee, I
Knowing thy rare perfections, did rely
Upon thy virtue; but ſee ſince that time
Errour in love may prove a fatal crime.
And henceforth may all men be warn'd by me,
And may all women too be warn'd by thee.
Husbands, away with jealouſies, you muſt
Love wives with dearneſs, but not overtruſt
Them with ſelf-rule. Wives don't your ſelves abuſe
And then your Husbands for their love accuſe.

GOD.

Let all be quiet, nothing's come to paſs
But what by me foreſeen moſt fully was.
For known to me from everlaſting are
My works; alſo the works of all that were
By me created, both Angels and Man,
All I moſt eaſily graſp with my ſpan

Of

Of knowledg. Had I pleas'd, I in that ſtate
Could them confirm in which I did create.
But them to have confirm'd, did not comport
With my great Counſels. In my Supreme Court,
Many attendants ſtand, many to call
I freely left, freedom I gave them all;
And ſtrength enough, that ſo it might appear
Who did me truly love, who did ſincere
Obedience to me yield, and all might ſee
Juſtly they cannot charge their deſtiny
Nor my decrees, but they themſelves muſt blame;
For from their own free choice their ruin came.
Angels innumerable fell; though they
In Heaven were plac'd, they would not Heaven
(obey.
Wherefore I ſpurn'd them from me with diſ-
(dain,
And made them know't impoſſible to regain
Their firſt eſtate, firſt habitation;
Fetter'd they lie in Hells dark region,
And in its flames they ſhall for ever fry;
Repentance ſhall be hidden from mine eye.
Their chieftain *Belzebub* my ſworn foe,
Out of his ſpite to me ſought to undo
Poor man my Creature, and he hath it done,
And thinks he now of me the day hath won.
But he ſhall quickly know I can outdo
His policy and pow'r, in his own bow
I can out-ſhoot him. It's reſolv'd, I will;
And when all's done, man ſhall be happy ſtill.

These broken potsherds I'le again repair,
And make them full as beautiful and fair
As erst they were. In spite of Hell, a place
For justice shall be found and saving grace.
Of man I was the Maker, When made, He
Unmade himself. Who shall repairer be?
That work I'l have accomplisht. I will not
Upon my honour suffer such a blot
As Hell design'd to cast. But I will be
Prais'd and admir'd to all Eternity.

Son of GOD.

No sooner was this said, but Heav'n did ring,
The Angels there did *Allelujah* sing.
But above all, Gods only Son did grace
That great assembly; in his radiant face
Pity and love did sit triumphant. He
Man dearly lov'd, pity'd his misery.
Both now were at their full, and for mans sake
His Father he approach'd, and thus he spake.
Father, I did thy resolution hear
With joy superlative; and can't forbear
Such goodness to extol with highest praise,
Which will poor man out of his ruins raise.
Should he be lost for ever, how should flame
Rise from thy Altars? What one would thy (Name
Exalt? would not thy glory, Father, fade,
Should they be lost, who for thy glory made

All

All know? Consult thy goodness, let it shine;
Never let Hell, by frustrating of thine,
Be master of its ends. Go on, and do
What ever thine own grace doth prompt thee to.

GOD the Fath.

Difference, my Son, betwee us there is none,
But full agreement; for we tw are One.
I see my self in thee, my glory bright,
My Son thou art, in whom I do delight.
Thou liest in my bosom, and to thee
All mine eternal counsels open be.
Full well thou know'st, from everlasting we,
Mercy to man together did decree.
How sad soever matters now appear
Between us two, counsels of peace then were.
All which shall stand unshaken, for I will
My thoughts perform, my pleasu all fulfil.
All mankind sha'nt be lost. I'le o er grace,
Which when once offer'd many sh all embrace;
And those that do, shall find it, and shall be
Not to themselves beholding, but to me.
Conquer at last they shall their deadly foe,
And to their God that victory shall owe.
Unto all those I will my grace impart;
On them I will bestow a gracious heart,
In which I'le write my law, and put my fear;
And so in duty they shall persevere.
Love them I will ev'n for mine own names sake;
Leave them I never will, never forsake.

Yet

Yet on mine Honour I do ſtand, and will
Have the world know me good, but righteous (ſtill.
For who will reverence a Deity,
If they may ſin with full impunity?
Yea, man being fal'n, muſt his folly rue;
For if he do not, I cannot be true.
My threatning is gone forth; I ſaid, that he
Eating ſhould die, with his poſterity.
That ſentence cannot be reverſt, one ſhall
Dye for loſt mankind, or they muſt dye all.
Who'l pay the debts that men contracted have?
What one will dye himſelf, their lives to ſave?
Can the Angelic nature ſhew ſuch love?
Will the Angelic ſtock ſufficient prove?
I ſee, they all are *nonpluſt*, there is none
Of them to interpoſe, there is not one.
Among them all I know none is that can
Satisfie Juſtice, or help ruin'd man.
Both love and power enough they all do lack;
Sins weight would quickly break an Angels back.

Son of GOD.

It's too too great a work. Created pow'r
Would utmoſt weakneſs prove, in that ſame hour
It ſhould engage unto't; who recompence
Can return for an infinite offence?
Such as ſin is, unleſs he be ſome one
That's infinite himſelf, and can alone
Infinite price lay down, and th'injury
Compenſate, which was done Gods Majeſty?

Man

Man himſelf can't do this, he hath loſt all,
And is become a Bankrupt by his fall.
He might have kept the happineſs he was in,
But he can never anſwer for his ſin.
Nor can the Angels for him, though they be
Stars of the morning, high in dignity.
Their ſtock together put, immenſe may ſeem;
Yet were it all laid down, it can't redeem
Man from deſtruction: ſhould they all be weigh'd,
And in the ballance againſt one ſin laid,
They would be found too light. But what of this?
Becauſe among the Creatures no help is,
Shall there be none? Though they this cannot do,
Shall wiſdom infinite be *nonpluſt* too?
Shall mercy be reſolv'd, yet want a way,
By which its ſelfe to man it might convey?
May threatned judgments oft prevented be;
But grace ſhall always have its paſſage free.
It is my Fathers glory, alſo mine;
By magnifying of it we ſhall ſhine
In th' eyes of all; all will Us love for this,
When they ſhall find with Us forgiveneſs is.
Therefore, O Father, be it known this day,
There ſhall not want one to pave mercies way,
And to remove obſtructions. I will be
Saviour to man, and ſacrifice to Thee.
In thy moſt wiſe eternal counſels thou
Didſt me appoint Redeemer; therefore now,
Lo now I come to do thy will, and be
A Mediator between man and thee.

His debts and ſins to a great ſum amount ;
Yet, Father, put them all on mine account.
I fully will diſcharge them, and will ſee,
By him thy glory ſhall no loſer be.
I well this undertaking underſtand ;
What it will ſtand me in, I well know, and
What brook I muſt drink of, before that I
Come to lift up my Head. I am the High
And lofty One, whom *Seraphims* adore,
And veil their faces when they'r me before;
Yet I muſt act low condeſcention,
And be made of no reputation.
Inſtead of glory I muſt take the dreſs
Of one that hath no form nor comelineſs.
In form of God I am, and robbery
Do think it none to claim equality
With him; but yet I muſt a man become,
And be found in a ſorry ſervants form.
Nay more, if I to man would bring relief,
Sorrows muſt my familiars be, and grief
Mine intimate acquaintance. I muſt be
Moſt ſorely bruis'd for his iniquity,
For his tranſgreſſions wounded. In that day
On me thou their iniquities wilt lay.
Yet this doth not diſcourage, nor much more,
I have of love and bowels as great ſtore
As thou canſt have of wrath. This pleaſeth me,
Full out as much as Vengeance pleaſeth thee.
More thou art not diſpleaſed with his ſin,
Than I am pleas'd Salvation him to bring.

Him I will draw out of the horrid pit,
And on a rock moſt ſure I'le ſet his feet.
Thy Juſtice honour I will ſo ſecure,
As that thy Mercy ſhall for ay endure.
Look on me, Father, then, and take my word,
Which it's impoſſible for me to break, great Lord,
Thou know'ſt me faithful, thou doſt know that I
Can upon no account my ſelf deny.
Look then again. I here as ſurety ſtand
To pay what e're thy Juſtice ſhall demand.
Ask what thou wilt, thou canſt not ask amiſs,
Performed it ſhall be what e're it is.
Can only blood pardon procure? If ſo,
Rather than not a pardon, mine ſhall go;
My life I'le give for his, and part with all
Which I can part with. Let thine Anger fall
On me thine only Son, that burden I
Will take, to take away iniquity,
In all its guilt and power. And that I may
Be a fit object for it, in the day
Thou ſhalt appoint, I will to my Godhead
The Manhood joyn, and ſo have blood to ſhed.
Blood thou canſt not except againſt, for I
As man will ſuffer, as God ſatisfie.
Let men me as a worm tread underfoot,
And laugh, and ſhake the head, and the lip ſhoot.
Let Bulls, yea Bulls of *Baſhan* me beſet,
And come like hungry *Lyons* me to eat.

Let

Let me be poured out like water; and
Let all my bones as diſlocated ſtand.
What though my heart melted muſt be, and I
Shall have my ſtrength like to a potſherd dry.
What though in ſorrows thou do me immerſe,
And cruel ones my hands and feet will pierce:
I'le bear, yea welcome all, ſince thus I can
Redeem from wrath poor, but beloved Man.
Nay when I am thus brought upon the ſtage,
Let death it ſelf ſpend on me all its rage.
Let it ſtrike fiercely with its Iron Rod,
And then boaſt it hath kill'd the Son of God.
My heart is glad, my glory joys, alſo
My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope, becauſe I know
My precious Soul thou wilt not leave in grave,
I incorrupt ſhall reſurrection have.
Of life the path thou wilt me ſhew, to ſtore
Of joys and pleaſures, which forevermore
Are in thy glorious preſence. Thus, although
I ſeem to yield unto that mighty foe,
By him to be devoured, yet will I
Fall like my ſelf, and a brave Conquerour die.
My very weakneſs ſhall much ſtronger be
Than men and *Devils*. *Devils* and men ſhall ſee,
I at my loweſt can their pride abate,
And be above them in their greateſt height.
'Gainſt man the hand-writing ſhall not prevail:
Out of the way I'le take it, and will nail
It to my Croſs. All adverſe powers I'le ſpoil,
And give to principalities the foil;

So

So be triumphant o're th' infernal crew,
And also of them all make open shew.
My people I will ransome from the grave,
From death I will, them all redeemed have.
O cruel death, even I thy plagues will be:
O grave, I will destruction bring to thee,
And utterly root out mine enemies;
Repentance shall be hidden from mine eies.
In death I'le fall, that death may die by me,
In grave I'le lie, that graves may sweetned be
To mine that shall come after. I my head
Will lay in dust, that dust may prove a bed
Of fragrant Roses yielding to them rest
Who by sin were ty'rd out, by world oppresst.
Yea that same death which was brought in by (Sin,
And was intended only to have been
A way to Hell, shall through my dying-love
For mine be made the way to joys above.
A way to Heav'n for them I will it make,
When out of grave I shall rise for their sake
As their head and first fruits: I will disarm
Death of its sting, that it shall do no harm
To mine. As victor then in triumph high
I, I will captive lead captivity.
And to my Chariot-wheels will firmly bind
All those mine Enemies, who were combin'd
Me to disgrace, mine to destroy; attend
My triumph, as slaves, they shall: when I ascend
In clouds to Heaven, and direct my course
Father, with gladness unto thee, the source

And

And ſpring of happineſs, when I will ſit
On thy right hand, until under my feet
My foes by thee be brought. At length I will
Deſcend again in ſtate, and ſo fulfil
My joys and thy Decrees. Father, I'le go,
Waited upon by Angels, who ſhall blow,
And by their mighty breath that Trumpet ſound
Whoſe noiſe ſhall rough the Seas, and ſhake the (ground,
And make them both ſurrender up my dead,
Who with thoſe living then ſhall me their Head
Follow into thy preſence, where I ſhall
Reſign my Scepter, that God all in all
May be. Father, this I'le perform, and thus
We ſhall rejoyce in them, and they in Us.

GOD.

None could have ſpoken thus, but He that is
The brightneſs of my glory, the expreſs
Image of mine own perſon; in whom be
All the perfections of the Deity.
My Son thou art, my moſt beloved Son,
In whom I am well-pleas'd, mine only one.
My works I took delight in, becauſe good;
Much more in man mine image, while he ſtood:
Nor am I ſo incenſed by his fall,
As utterly to ruin him and all
Who ſhall of him proceed. Now he is loſt,
I am reſolv'd to be at much more coſt

For

For his to be admired Reſtauration,
Than ever I was at for his Creation.
I made him with my word alone, but will
Ranſome him with thy life, and thereby fill
Both Heaven and Earth with wonder, that I part
With thee, who art ſo near unto my heart.
For man's Redemption I do not care
What charges I am at, I will not ſpare
For coſt, but freely will deliver up
Thee unto death; and mingle ſuch a cup
For thee to drink, as never one did taſte
For bitterneſs, and yet I will no waſte
Admit of; though it wormwood be and gall,
My pleaſure is, thou drink it, dregs and all.
But thine own love will ſweeten it; for I
Know, for man's ſake thou loveſt to deny
Thy glorious ſelf, and never wilt repine
To ſhed thy blood, ſo man may have the wine.
And as thy love doth prompt thee, ſo I do
Set everlaſting joy before thee too,
For thy encouragement. A juſt regard
Shall be had to thee, and a full reward
Shall crown thy labours; thou at laſt ſhall ſee
Such fruit as will moſt fully ſatisfie.
Heaven and Earth ſhall be fill'd with thy Fame:
A Name I'le give thee above every name;
Wonderful, *Counſellor*, thou call'd ſhalt be,
A *mighty God*, that is, equal with me.
And what thine honour greatly will increaſe,
The everlaſting Father, *Prince of Peace*.

Yea more, that Manhood, which thou ſhalt aſ-
Shall be exalted, and with thee have room (ſume,
Upon that lofty Throne, where I do ſit.
For after ſuch abaſement, it is fit
Thou ſhouldeſt be exalted as a Prince
As well as Saviour; I'le never mince
Nor clip thy dues, but all the world ſhall know
Thee their ſupreme, and every knee ſhall bow
To thy Authority. When thou ſhalt riſe
Out of the grave thou chuſeſt, I in no wiſe
Will be unmindful of thy love to men,
Nor thine obedience unto me, but then
I thee in Heaven will with power clothe,
And in Earth too; ſo that thou ſhalt in both
Do what thou wilt, for thou wilt always be
Like to thy ſelf, and faithful unto me.
Above thy fellows I do thee anoint
With oil of gladneſs, and do thee appoint
Lord over Men and Angels, 'tis my will,
Ev'n as my ſelf they do thee honour ſtill.
Unto thine en'mies thou ſhalt give thee foil,
And with the mighty ſhalt divide the ſpoil.
Supply thou ſhalt poor mans neceſſity;
And proclaim to the captives liberty;
Opening of priſon-doors unto the bound,
With perfect healing to the deepeſt wound.
Souls weary and oppreſt, under thy wing
Shall comfort find, and finding, bleſs their King.
All that accept thee, I with pleaſed face
Will look upon, and cheerfully embrace

In arms of love, though they be ne'r so poor,
Yea, though they were grand enemies before.
My Glory thou design'ſt; and if for me
All this thou't do, what w'ont I do for thee?
Not ſtick at pardons ſure, I have them ready
For all thoſe loſt ones, which are poor and needy
In their own eyes, and will repair to thee;
All thoſe ſhall find they welcome are to me.
And when thoſe many ſhall be call'd, that now
I give unto thee, when they're brought to bow
Unto thy ruling Scepter, when once they
Who called are, ſhall all the call obey,
And follow thee where-ever thou doſt go,
In paths of Holineſs; when they ſhall grow
Into a meetneſs for their purchas'd right,
The ſweet Inheritance of Saints in light:
All then ſhall plainly ſee what love I bear
Both unto thee and thine. Thou ſhalt appear
A Judg on the Tribunal; quick and dead
Shall come before thee. Some ſhall hang the head
For fear and ſhame: But all thine at that day,
Shall lift up theirs with boldneſs, knowing they
Shall then receive full abſolution,
With their long longed for Redemption
From ſin and ſorrow. Then the world ſhall burn,
And by that burning into aſhes turn,
Loſing thereby its filth; yet in no wiſe
Will I it quite conſume, for there ſhall riſe
Out of its aſhes a new Heaven, and
A new Earth alſo. Both at my command

Shall ſpring, and both the preſent ſhall excel,
For in them righteouſneſs alone ſhall dwell.
No wicked men ſhall there lift up the horn;
No vexing brier there, no pricking thorn:
Nothing, nothing at all, that may offend,
Or thee, or me, or thine. Nothing to mend,
No wants to be ſuppli'd; ſorrows away
Shall vaniſh quite, and nothing ſhall allay
The ſweetneſs of their pleaſures; I will be
Their portion, and their full felicity.
For thy ſake this is done; the new Creation
Shall aſcribe all unto thy mediation.
Ye Angels worſhip this my Son, and raiſe
Your joyful acclamations to his praiſe.

ANGELS.

EVer be thou admir'd, O God above!
Ever admired this thy wondrous love!
Thou art Eternal, Infinite, thy treaſures,
Like to thy Self; thy Grace beyond all meaſures.
Father, thou art Father of Mercies too,
All things thou mad'ſt, and doſt all things out-do
In goodneſs. Thou art all inviſible,
Dwelling in light that's inacceſſible.
Thy Greatneſs, Glory, Goodneſs we adore,
And bleſs thy name, that we may ſtand before
Thy Throne; for 'tis our happineſs to be
Always in preſence of thy Majeſty.
And thee we bleſs, thy Father's only one,
His great delight, his moſt beloved Son.

In

In whose most gracious countenance doth shine
Beauties perfection, Glory divine.
By thee all things created were, by thee
We placed were in this felicity.
By thee Rebellious spirits were cast down;
Thine was the Victory, thine be the Crown.
Heavens peace thou didst restore, & by thy might
Those en'mies were o'recome, and put to flight.
'Fore thee they could not stand, no, down they fell;
And falling down, they stopt not, until Hell
Gaping had them receiv'd, where they shall be
In flames tormented to eternitie.
For that thy mighty conquest we do sing
Praise unto thee, to thee victorious King.
We do admire that noble Act, but more
Thy glorious grace, whereby thou hast adore
Of hope open'd to man; Thy Grace expresst
On undone *Adam*, now less than the least
Of mercies through his sin. That thou dost lay
His ruin to thy heart; Offer to pay
His debt, his burden bear, his sin take up,
And for his sake drink off a wrathful cup.
That thou should'st leave the Heaven thou dost
And carry sins into a wilderness. (possess,
We never could have thought of this, and we
Admire it now it is resolv'd by thee.
Such love eternal obligation lays
On man. Such love transcends Angelick praise.
But what exceeds our praises, that will we
Admire thee for, Lord, to eternitie.

GOD.

Know, in their order all things ſhall proceed:
And ſince that fooliſh man hath done this deed;
Since *Adam*, made by me upright, hath ſought
Many inventions out, he muſt be taught
By ſad experience, what it is to ſell
All Paradiſe for one tree; what to rebell
Againſt the God that made him. Juſtice now
Requires that ſentence paſs; and who but thou
My Son ſhould paſs it? I my ſelf judg none;
All judgment I commit to thee, my Son.
By doing which it ſhall appear to all,
That to man ruined by his own fall,
Healing and ſaving-mercy I intend,
Not utter miſery, becauſe I ſend
His Friend to be his Judg, and have no other
Sentence to paſs, but Him, who ſhall his Brother
Be one day, and Redeemer, who his blood
Will ſhed moſt willingly to do him good.

SON of GOD.

Father, thy will reveal'd is, ſhall be done
With cheerful readineſs by me thy Son.
That ſo thou mai'ſt for ever pleaſed be
With me, as I am ever pleas'd with thee.
I therefore go, according to thy will,
Theſe Criminals to judg; but I know ſtill,
As I to judg go now, ſo that one day,
I muſt to ſuffer go, for thou wilt lay

On

On me all their offences. Of that cup
Which they but taſte, I muſt the dregs drink up.
Yet though the worſt of all on me muſt light,
I will, as Judg of all the earth, do right.
Juſtice and Mercy ſhall together meet,
And being ſatisfi'd, each other greet.
With ſpeed all ſhall be done; away I go
With Angels not attended, for I do
No Witneſs want nor Jury; and the Sun
Almoſt to th' end of this days race hath run.
Evening approaches, at which time blow fair
And gentle gales of wind to cool the air,
A time fit for mans milder Judg, and he
Shall find that fury doth not dwell in me.
Where art thou *Adam?* what! doſt thou not know
My being in the Garden? can I go
So near thee unperceiv'd? Hath not my voice
'Waken'd thine ear? and made thy heart rejoice,
As it was wont to do? it ſeemeth ſtrange,
From me thou ſhould'ſt abſent! Is any change
In thee a cauſe thereof? come and impart
The matter as it is; *Adam where art?*

ADAM.

Lord, I thy voice did in the Garden hear,
And thereupon my ſoul did fill with fear.
My ſelf I naked ſaw, ſeeing, did hide:
For being ſo, Lord, I could not abide
Thou ſhould'ſt look on me, but away I fled
Among the thickeſt trees to hide my head.

SON of GOD.

Adam, my voice hath often reach'd thine ear ;
As oft it was thy joy my voice to hear.
It was thy ſovereign delight ; and how
Comes it to be a terror to thee now ?
I ſee indeed that thou art naked ; well,
Of this thy nakedneſs who did thee tell ?
Haſt thou adventur'd to eat of that tree,
Concerning which I gave command to thee,
Eat thou ſhould'ſt not ? ——

ADAM.

—— The Woman thou did'ſt give
With me as my Companion to live,
Whom I did count a token of that love
Which thou to me doſt bear, could diſapprove
Nothing of all I ſaw in her, but ſtood
Inamour'd on her as a perfect good.
She thou did'ſt give, gave of that tree for meat ;
And being by her given, I did eat.

SON of GOD.

Haſt for thy ſelf nothing to ſay beſide ?
Was ſhe by me given to be thy Guide ?
An help ſhe was intended for thee, and
Fitted for ſuch by her Creator's hand.
But know, God never did unto thee ſay,
Rather than me, thou ſhalt thy Wife obey.

He

He did not thee subject to her, nor none;
Him thou should'st have obey'd, yea him alone.
But, Woman, say, what is't that thou hast done?

EVE.

I was beguil'd by th' Serpent, and did eat.

SON of GOD.

Serpent, 'cause thou art guilty of this cheat,
And this hast done, there's nothing shall thee
From vengeance. Above every beast of field (shield
Thou art accurst, and above cattel all.
Henceforth upon thy belly thou shalt crawl;
Yea dust shall be thy food, dust thou shalt eat,
All the days of thy life be that thy meat.
And further know, between the woman and thee
I now will put a mortal enmity, (feel,
Which 'twixt your seeds shall last. Thou shalt it
Her seed shall bruise thy head, and thou his heel.
As for thee, Woman, Be it known, that I
Sorrows on thee will greatly multiply
In thy Conception; yea for this thing,
In sorrow thou thy Children forth shalt bring.
Unto thy Husband thy desire shall be;
Learn to submit, he shall rule over thee.
Now, last of all, *Adam*, to thee I come,
And so will end th' Assizes with thy Doom,
Which thus I do pronounce: Because that thou
Hast to thy Wifes voice hearkened, and now

Of

Of that tree eaten haſt, about which I
Said, *Thou ſhalt not eat of it, leſt thou die.*
For thy ſake curſed is the very ground;
Sorrows ſhall thence ſpring up, and much abound.
Out of it thou with toil ſhalt fetch thy meat,
And that in ſorrow all thy days ſhalt eat,
Till thy return unto the ground thou make,
For out of that at firſt I did thee take.
Know thy ſelf, *Adam*, that thou art but duſt,
And unto it again return thou muſt.
All this ſhall be accompliſh'd. But I do
Your miſery behold, pity it too.
You both before me naked ſtand and bare,
Cover'd with ſhame all over; now you are
Expoſed unto ſtorms without a fence,
And to the changing-weathers violence.
My Bowels yearn to ſee your Poverty,
How low y'are fallen into miſery.
Wherefore your nakedneſs I'le hide with skins.
And with my Robe of Righteouſneſs your ſins.
But now out of the Garden I thee ſend,
In tilling of that Ground thy time to ſpend,
Whence thou waſt taken. Therefore now be gone,
Adam, from hence away. *Eden* alone
For Innocency was. A Wilderneſs
Will ſerve him well enough, whoſe holineſs
Is altogether loſt. Nor ſhall there be
Of return hither any Hope for thee.
For ſtraight upon the Gardens eaſtern ſide,
I will appoint ſome Cherubims t' abide;

A Flaming-Sword alſo, which night and day
Brandiſh'd ſhall be, and turned every way,
The way unto the Tree of Life to guard,
That Man may never taſte it afterward,
Unleſs from me. For know, that I'le give leave
And power to all who me by Faith receive;
Ev'n all that ſhall under my Banner fight,
And fighting overcome, I'le give them right
Of th' Tree of Life to eat, which always ſtood
In the midſt of the Paradiſe of God.

ADAM.

How am I fallen! my tongue can't expreſs
That depth of miſery, which fathomleſs
Is to my underſtanding! I ere while
Had God my Friend, under whoſe gracious ſmile
With joy I liv'd, and gladly did embrace
All opportunities to ſee his face.
But now alas! from him I'm fain to hide,
And his approaches can no more abide.
Being from *Eden* thruſt, where ſhall I flee
To ſeek relief in this my miſery?
Creatures avoid me, or ſtand gazing on
Me as a monſter, or man quite undone.
Having tranſgreſt my great Creators Law,
Of me the Brutes refuſe to ſtand in awe.
My former bleſſing is turn'd to a curſe,
My comforts into croſſes. And what's worſe,
Both Sin and Curſe I propagate to all
Who ſhall of me deſcend. For by my Fall

My

My whole race ruin'd is; They all will be
Conceiv'd in sin, born in iniquity;
Born unto Trouble, as sparks upward fly;
No sooner born, but they'l begin to dye.
Oh that I might be childless! and that God
Would put a period to this earthy clod!
And grant that in the long'd-for silent Grave,
Sense of these sorrows I no more may have.
Yet what if Death a full end should not make,
But cast me down into a burning Lake,
Where I a drop of water shall not get,
My Tongue to cool in that tormenting heat?
I tremble to think on't; The case stands so,
What thing I should desire I do not know.
Eve, from my sight be gone, make no delays,
Sorrow and indignation thou dost raise
In me when e're I see thee; get thee gone;
By thee, by thee it is I am undone.
It was thy self-conceit, thy wretched pride
Of parts and beauty, drew thee from my side.
A Serpent, and a Devil in him, were fit
Companions for thee, rather than to sit
And talk or work with me. Oh that alone
I had remain'd, and never woman known!
A Rib thou art, crooked by nature, sent
By God for comfort, but to mischief bent.
All the ingredients of future woe
To mankinds Grand-dame doth all mankind owe.
Thou Mother of all living call'd shalt be,
Mother of Death too, for that sprung from thee.

EVE.

EVE.

My Lord, I have tranſgreſt, and do with tears
Confeſs my fault. Oh let thy gracious ears
To my requeſt incline; and let the heat
Of kindled wrath abate; now at thy feet
I proſtrate lye. God knows, my heart is thine,
My Love, and high eſteem, whate're is mine.
Through my means, true is is, thou art accurſt;
But know, the Serpent hath beguil'd me firſt.
Doſt think I would have done't, had I foreſeen
What would the conſequence thereof have been?
Oh! pity me, dear *Adam*, for I do
My crime acknowledg, and bewail it too.
And if that ſuch intreaties might have ſped,
I'd beg the puniſhment upon my Head
Might wholly light, and God would thee reſtore
To all the happineſs thou hadſt before.
On thoſe terms welcome ſorrow, welcom pain,
I all would freely bear, of none complain.
Be kind unto me, *Adam*, me forgive
My great offence, and let me with thee live.
Broken my heart is, multipli'd my fears,
My ſighs conſider, and obſerve my tears.
In this my ſore diſtreſs do not me leave;
Me, a part of thy ſelf, do not bereave
Of thine advice and aid. A look give down,
A look of love on her who is thine own.

ADAM.

ADAM.

Here 'tis, my Deareſt, for thee; come, ariſe,
And thoſe o'reflowing tears wipe from thine eyes,
Which my diſpleaſure caus'd; alas! that is
The leaſt effect of what thou didſt amiſs.
His wrath I dread whom we provoked have,
And from that wrath I gladly would thee ſave
By bearing all my ſelf. I'd loudly cry,
Let *Eve* live in thy ſight, and let me dye.
But this diſcourſe is vain; though I am loath
To ſee thy miſeries, yet ſince we both
Have ſinned, both muſt ſuffer, and feel ſmart;
Our Judges ſentence carv'd us both our part.
What then remains, but that we ſtudy do
Love to each other, how to ſhew it too
In all ways poſſible? for ſo may we
Somewhat alleviate our miſery.

EVE.

My Lord, with thankfulneſs I do admire
Thy love to me, juſt object of thine ire.
Which great and undeſerved love doth raiſe
Hope toward God, that we ſhall ſpeak his praiſe.
For if man thus forgiveth, how much rather
Will he forgive, of Mercy who's the Father?

ADAM.

Moſt ſweet theſe words, dear Conſort! and my mind
Gives me, that we and ours ſhall favour find

In

In the eyes of our God. Methought there did
Great comfort lye in th' very ſentence hid.
A ſudden death was look'd for; but lo! He
In ſtead of death, only impos'd on thee
Travailing ſorrows. And it's richly worth
Conſidering, thou Children ſhalt bring forth,
For all thoſe pains; and when a Child thou haſt,
Forget thou wilt all ſorrows that were paſt.
In ſtead of me; our Judg did curſe the ground,
Which now will grow more wild, and will abound
With thorns and thiſtles. Its face will be marr'd
With vexing weeds, ſo I muſt labour hard.
But ſleep by labour will be made more ſweet,
And I by labour ſhall get bread to eat.
But above all, this hath my comforts fed,
One day thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe the Serpents head.
On theſe encouragements let us both fly
Unto his mercy-ſeat, and there let's lye
Cover'd with ſhame, and drown'd with tears; let's (now
Before him like poor malefactors bow.
Of this our ſin let full confeſſions,
Mixed with fervent ſupplications,
Aſcend before his Throne. He may relent
And mercy ſhew unto us penitent.
It is the only way to ſcape the Rod,
Humbly to ſeek our refuge in our God.

SON of GOD.

Father, the Sentence I have paſt. Thy will
And pleaſure therein I did all fulfill.

Nor

Nor have I finiſhed that work alone,
But from th' offenders took their heart of ſtone,
And gave them one of fleſh, ſo that they melt,
For now the burden of their ſin is felt.
Yea more, behold, they pray, and ſue for grace,
Nothing will pleaſe them, but thy pleaſed face.
As Prieſt, their names upon my breaſt I bear,
And now an Advocate for them appear,
Preſenting their requeſts all incens'd, and
With Interceſſion back them. Let thy Hand
Of Love reach out a Pardon. Let them obtain
Thy choiceſt favour, for my ſake, again.
From thoſe deep ſighs riſing from hearts oppreſt
And kindly broke, ſmell a ſavour of Reſt.
Now that they ſeek thee, be thou of them found,
And where Sin hath, let Grace much more a-
Deſpiſe them not, who unto thee do fly; (bound.
If thou doſt them, thou ſhalt me too deny.
I will their ſins for ever take away,
For their offences I by death will pay.
What is done I would not have thee undo,
Moſt highly it becomes thee to be true
Unto thy righteous threats. They did forſake
Thy Law, and thy Commandments did break;
And viſit'd let their tranſgreſſions be
With Rods, and with ſtripes their iniquity.
Let their own wickedneſs correction give,
And backſlidings reprove them while they live.
May they and theirs by ſad experience know,
It is an evil thing, and bitter too,

That

That they forsook God, and made it appear,
By that departure they cast off his fear.
Yet thine own purposes of Grace fulfill,
Do thou them good, and be their Father still.
Some sign of favour give them. Let them see
That thou art reconcil'd with them in me.

GOD.

Be it, my Son, according to thy will,
Whatever thou hast spoken, I'le fulfill.
In thee I reconciled am, and can
For thy sake pardon all the sins of man.
He shall be sure to feel my smarting Rod,
Yet I will be to him a loving God.
When thou art suitor, what shall not be done?
What's too much for thy Intercession,
Which, I know, thou wilt ever live to make
With me in Heaven for poor Sinners sake?
Therefore to th' utmost thou shalt Saviour be
Unto all those that come to God by thee,
Who shall be happy. Go ye Angels then,
And Peace proclaim on Earth, *Good will to men.*

ANGEL.

Adam, I hither come Tydings to bring
From our and your Creator, Heavens King.
Unto thy Pray'rs he hath inclin'd his ear;
Although a sinner, thou to him art dear.
Upon thy sin Death might have seizure made;
And if it had done't, thou must have obey'd

Its ſummons; but behold! there's a reprieve
Which Grace hath iſſu'd forth, and thou ſhalt live
Many and many days, that thou thereby,
When e're Death comes, mai'ſt be prepar'd to die.
Unto thy Makers pleaſure it is fit,
Having offended, humbly thou ſubmit.
Bad will be mixt with good; thy days will be
Sunſhine and cloudy; God lays out for thee
Sore trials. But of ſin do thou repent,
And learn in every ſtate to be content.
One called *Abr'am* ſhall from thee deſcend,
Whom God will own and honour as his Friend.
From him, in *David*'s line, alſo ſhall ſpring
The promiſed Meſſiah. Zions King,
Born of a Virgin overſhadow'd by
The Holy Ghoſt, power of the moſt High.
He upon *David*'s Throne ſhall ſit full ſure,
His Kingdom ſhall for evermore endure.
From Gentiles he thick darkneſs ſhall diſpell,
And be the Glory of his Iſrael.
He out of love to thee and thine will die,
And ſhall by Death obtain the Victorie,
Nailing unto his Croſs each enemie.
But unto man by death bring peace and reſt,
So that whoe're believe in him, are bleſt.
He judged you, and he will come at laſt
To judg the World, when Judgment ſhall be paſt
By him in Righteouſneſs. And then his own
He will advance to his moſt Glorious Throne,

Where

Where they shall reign in all felicity,
Without disturbance, to eternity.

Mans Hymn of Praise.

Tune our Hearts, Lord, that we may speak thy praise;
Flat they are yet, do thou them higher raise.
Affect us thoroughly. Let us admire
Thy Love, and call in help from all the Quire
Of Angels, who with wonder have all seen
How great thy goodness unto us hath been;
Who gav'st thy Son, that he might for us die;
Who gav'st thy self for our Recoveri
How freely did'st thou stoop, when we did fall?
That we might Honey have, thou dranke'st Gall.
We eat the Fruit, thou hung'st upon the Tree,
Which Life brought unto us, Death unto thee.
Thy stripes our healing are; thy thorn our flower;
Thy Blood our Balsom; and thy Cross our Tower;
Thy wounds our Refuge; and thy sighs our Song;
Of thee we'l make our boast all the day-long.
Thou art the first-begotten of the Dead;
Thou of all earthly Princes art the Head.
Thou lov'd'st us, and wash't us from our sins
In thine own Blood, making us Priests and Kings
To God thy Father. Therefore we will never
Cease saying, Glory be to thee for ever.
For we, O Lord, thy ransom'd Ones shall come
Unto the Heavenly Zion as our Home,

With Songs (ceaus'd by that blood which thou
(did'ſt shed)
And everlaſting joy upon our head.
We ſhall obtain all gladneſs in that day,
When ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away.

FINIS.

A

Dialogue

BETWEEN

FAITH

AND A

DOUBTING SOUL.

TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

About seventeen years ago, a gracious Woman (one of that Flock which was by Divine Providence committed to my charge) sorely laboured under many Doubts, which created her much disquiet. In her agonies she frequently repaired to me for help, which according to the Grace given, I did most readily afford her. But by those Convulsion-fits, which almost every day returned, her memory was rendered so labil and unfaithful, that all I said made no abiding impression. Every time she came to me, she brought with her the same perplexing thoughts, and I had my work to do again. Thereupon I resolved to draw up in Verse her Doubts, and my Answers, and gave them to her in writing, in hope that her

memory would more easily retain something which might befriend her; at least, that having these things by her, she would make use of them as occasion required, and so save both me and her self much labour.

Through the goodness of God, my expectation was not disappointed, she found much benefit, as she did most freely and thankfully acknowledg; and through mercy past the remainder of her days in a pleasant calm. But, good Soul, she could not hide Gods loving kindness within her breast, but communicated to others these lines, which she counted a treasure; several Copies were taken and dispersed, some sent into remote parts, which found good acceptance, and were not without their fruit.

Mine own Copy of them lay dormant long after; indeed I concluded it lost, until about two years since one of my Children found it among my loose Papers, and with joy brought it to me. Since then, one borrowed it, and another, and more, of which several took the pains to transcribe it. And I have of late been so prest to make it publick, that contrary

trary to my own thoughts and reſolution, I have been conſtrained to yield unto their importunity.

Certain it is, that Doubtings do abound in gracious Souls, though wicked men enjoy a fatal peace, and are not in trouble like them. The Devil like a roaring Lion gapes upon, and worries thoſe that have eſcap'd out of his ſnares; whileſt he rocks his vaſſals, and doth his utmoſt to keep them aſleep in the cradle of carnal ſecurity. Thoſe that have true Faith, have alſo many fears. But thoſe that are ſtrangers to Faith, are commonly free from them.

Doubts are good ſigns, yet bad company. They damp the ſpirit, and weaken the hand, and cover with a cloud that face which ſhould ſhine. They keep Faith from flouriſhing; they deprive the Chriſtian of that comfort which the breaſts of Goſpel-promiſes would yield him; they rob God and Godlineſs of that honour which the cheerful lives of Saints would bring them; and they render the converſes of holy perſons many times very unacceptable to their brethren; though

we

me ſhould bear one anothers burdens, and be very compaſſionate unto ſuch as are deſerted, buffeted, and diſconſolate.

It is the unqueſtionable duty of Chriſts Miniſters to be Meſſengers of peace as well as Sons of thunder; as to ſtartle and affright ſleeping ſinners, ſo to revive drooping and ſinking Saints. We are to comfort the people of God, by ſpeaking to their caſe, and to their hearts. To ſtrengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees, is a part, yea a very ſweet part of our work. We have no dominion over their faith, no, none at all; but ſhould be helpers of their joy, and rejoice to be ſo.

Upon this Errand and Deſign is this little piece ſent abroad into the world; without queſtion many will find themſelves concerned in the things contained in it, and I hope ſome will find advantage. The anſwer to theſe Doubts are fetcht from the Word of God, and grounded upon it, and ſuch are moſt cordial. Nay none but ſuch will bring healing to a wounded, and ſettlement to a tumultuating ſpirit. Let none be offended at

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the manner of compoſure, but remember the reaſon before given, and call to mind Davids *Pſalms, together with the Apoſtles Exhortation,* To admoniſh one another in Pſalms and Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs. *A bleſſing from heaven go along with this little work; and if thou receiveſt any ſpiritual benefit by it, he hath his end, who is*

A Friend and Servant to the

Houſhold of Faith,

SAMUEL SLATER.

A

A Dialogue between Faith and a Doubting Soul.

FAITH.

WHat joys like those which from above (descend!
They know no bounds, are strangers (to an end.
My comforts overflow, I sit and sing;
The night is day to me, and Winter Spring.
While others think I want, I enough have,
My heritage is good, I nothing crave.
Come, Soul, put on a smile, chase sorrow hence;
Whence flow these tears? why is this great expence
Of deep-fetcht sighs & groans? thy Saviours voice
Should clear thy brow, & make thy heart rejoice.
Hush! dost not hear't? Salvations Captain comes
With sound of Trumpets, & with beat of Drums.
'Tis not th' alarm of War; he takes thy part;
His actions all along have spoke his heart.
For then he did engage, he fought, and di'd,
And now triumphs. All, all makes on thy side.
Himself did tell me so; be of good chear.
Away with doubtings, and defie all fear.

Shake

Shake off these causeless dumps, arise and shine;
The victory is Christs, th' advantage thine.

SOUL.

What mine? canst prove it? thou tak'st all on trust,
And so maist be deceived; try I must,
And look, and search, examine, and enquire,
Ask question after question. Yet no higher
Can I attain than to faint hopes; which cost
A thousand thousand labours; but are lost
In twinkling of an eye. I cannot rest,
Nor lasting peace enjoy. When things are best,
I am disturb'd, my sleep scarce lasts an hour,
And when I 'wake again, Lord! what a pow'r
Of sad perplexing thoughts assault my mind?
That I conclude both Heav'n and Earth combin'd
To make me miserable. *Faith*, speak out,
Hast thou more cause of joy, or I of doubt?

FAITH.

Thou bid'st me speak, and yet deny'st to hear;
When I unlock my lips, thou bolts thine ear.
There are such sobs and sighs, bitter bewailings,
Such weeping, wringing hands, such loud complainings,
That all my labour's lost. Alas! my skill
In vain is tri'd, for out of meer self-will
Thou spilleſt all my Cordials, and wilt none
Of my choice Heaven-born comforts, no, not one.
Yet since I know thy sickness, know, I do
Both pity it, and long to cure it too.

We'l

We'l argue things once more, for I don't dread
Thy reas'nings, nor the crafty Serpents head.
My cauſe is good, my bleſſed Seconds are,
(Though thou think'ſt otherwiſe) without com-
Enter the liſts then, yet the Judg ſhall be (pare.
Not ſenſe, nor carnal reaſon, much leſs he
That's ſtil'd God of this world; theſe neither can
Nor will ſpeak comfort to poor humbled man.
The Scripture I make choice of, for it is
Divine, impartial, cannot judg amiſs.
Thou canſt not quarrel it; and therefore ſay,
Say on, dejected Soul, I'le yield the day
To Fears, if Scriptures do. Objections raiſe,
Thou ſhalt have anſwer, and thy God the praiſe.

Doubt. 1.

From the apprehenſion of Gods Holineſs.

SOUL.

Trembling takes hold upon me, when I ſee
A God above of ſpotleſs puritie.
The Seraphims his glory do proclaim,
And it admire, moſt holy is his name.
The garniſht Heavens are unclean in's ſight,
The noon-day Sun is darkned by his light.
His eyes are flames of fire, piercing and pure,
Which can't the leaſt iniquity endure.
But I am full of ſin, all over ſtains;
From top to toe is nought but boils and blains.

My

My head, heart, life with ſin are over-run;
Sin I did chuſe, by ſin I am undone.

FAITH.

Yet there is hope: a ruin'd Bankrupt may
Set up again; the night gives place to day.
Adam his beauty loſt, and by one ſin
Defac'd the image God had made him in.
The *Nazarite* became an *Ethiope*,
And in himſelf had neither help nor hope;
Yet found both in another. God prepar'd
More laſting beauty for him, and repair'd
His Image on him, and the ſinner then,
Waſht from his filth, waxt freſh and fair agen.
This may be done for thee, the fountain ſtill
Stands open for all comers; whoſo will
May go and bathe his ſooty ſoul, and ſo
Come forth a Creature new, and white as ſnow.
Thy God is holy, ſo is Chriſt, and he
Hath Grace ſufficient for himſelf and thee;
Thy wound is not incurable; thy ſore
He can ſo heal, that it ſhall run no more.
Thy Maker can, O ſoul, form thee anew,
Thy holy God can make thee holy too.
Nay more, by Covenant he's bound t' impart
To his a ſpirit right, and a new heart.
Go to him then, his faithful promiſe plead,
And ſo he will richly ſupply thy need.

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Doubt. 2.
From Gods Juſtice.

SOUL.

But God is juſt, and will not ſee his Law
Broken without revenge. I ſtand in awe,
And dread his iron-rod. Doth he not ſay,
The ſoul that ſins ſhall die? ah! who then may
Once hope for life, ſince we are ſinners all,
And loſt our righteouſneſs in *Adam*'s fall.
Behold me cloth'd with rags, once but one ſtory
Lower than Angels, who are cloth'd with glory.
Theſe rags are filthy too, and ſo the ſhame
Which they ſhould cover, they to all proclaim:
I do condemn my ſelf, though ſelf I love:
What favour then can I expect above?
The Law hath paſt its ſentence, it doth crie,
All men are ſinners, and as ſuch ſhall die.
My guilt is great, my God is juſt, who can
Satisfie juſtice, and clear guilty man?

FAITH.

I have a Friend will do't. Did I ſay, *will?*
Pardon, dear Jeſus: Oh, how I do fill
With joy, ſince I can ſay, he *hath* it done,
And God is pleas'd with thee in Chriſt his Son.
Thy debt was great, empty thy purſe, that friend
Became thy ſurety, and did put an end
To the Law-ſuit, by ſaying he would pay
What thou waſt charged with, upon the day

Justice should set; and when that day came, he
Paid to a farthing, and discharged thee.
The sum was great, but his far greater love
Bogled not at it, nor did he once remove
From his resolved kindness, but hath given
What did redeem lost earth,& purchase Heaven.
He laid his life down, his heart-blood he gave,
That sparing thy blood, he thy life might save.
What more can Justice ask? surely if I
Be once arrested, I'le plead, Christ did die.
If God be not appeas'd with death of God,
I will for ever bear his flaming rod.
Besides, I spi'd white linnen in his grave,
And soon concluded that I this must have.
Christ saw me naked, and then did provide
A perfect Robe my nakedness to hide.
What more is lacking? let strict Justice see;
My Saviour saith, there is no spot in me.

Doubt 3.

From the comparatively small number of Redeemed Ones.

SOUL.

I grant there is in Christ sufficient merit
To purchase Heaven, and make his inherit
Those peaceful blissful mansions, where he
Crowns all their hopes with full felicity.
His blood can make the blackest Blackmoor white,
And loathsome sinners lovely in Gods sight.

Of

Of his Almighty power doubt who can,
I do believe him God as well as man.
But what of that, I hear, the number's small
For which he died. Had he dy'd for all,
I might have fill'd with comfort. But alas!
A little part of this corrupted mass
Was chosen out for honourable use,
Vessels of glory, whom the Lord did chuse
For his Cœlestial Temple; the rest will
As worthless silver be rejected still.
My reason tells me, if he would not crie
And pray for all, for all he would not die.
I fear of his dear little Flock I'm none,
Others may saved be, and I undone.

FAITH.

Be it acknowledged that few there are,
Whom Christ redeem'd, shall in his merits share.
He saves not all the world, dy'd not for all,
Did not alike affect *Judas* and *Paul*.
Grant that, yet do not sink, the door is ope
To all that will come, 'tis a door of hope.
Christ dy'd for sinners, why then not for thee?
Either give reason, or believe with me.
Gods Decrees secret are, and who can read
His everlasting purpose? Nay what need
Of climbing Heaven, curiously to look,
Whether thy name be written in his Book?
That is a vain attempt, that course once take,
Thy soul thou'lt wound, & work for sorrow make.

There is enough in Chriſt, and none ſhall die
But ſuch as do not to that refuge flie.
In him are ſafely Arkt perſons unclean,
Who grievous ſinners like to thee have been.
Haſte thou for ſhelter too. Why this delay?
O ſoul, it muſt be done. Do it to day.
Wouldſt thou deſtroy thy ſelf? ſhall black deſpair
O'rewhelm and drown thee, now there's ſuch a (fair
And ready paſſage, leading to the Ark
In which thouſands of thouſands do imbark,
And are conveyed to a land of reſt,
Where neither ſin nor ſorrow can moleſt.
Up, up, for ſhame, away to him with ſpeed,
Who's call'd a Saviour, and is one indeed.
Do but go to him, yea go at a venture,
Into his gracious preſence all may enter.
He never ſaid to any, ſeek in vain,
All humble ſeekers ſhall his favour gain.
His promiſe is, if any one will riſe
And make addreſs to him, he in no wiſe
Will caſt him off. Flee thou unto his grace,
So he in arms of love ſhall thee imbrace.
None e're departed empty from him. He
Is infinitely full, full out as free.
Haſte to him therefore, haſte, thy days do ſpend;
End thou thy danger, e're thy days do end.
Put in thy ſickle, reap what he hath ſown;
He's not thy foe, if thou be not thine own.
The invitation is, Whoever will,
Let him come hither, and here take his fill.

If

If thou wilt take, then Chriſt will give, believe;
Stretch out thy hand, he will thy wants relieve.
He is the God of Love, then to him go,
Thou canſt not ask the thing he will not do.
Others have ſought and found, asked and had,
Who ſinners were like thee, as old, as bad. (heart,
Their good ſucceſs ſhould eaſe and chear thy
Chriſt will do his, if thou wilt do thy part.

Doubt 4.

From uncertainty of intereſt.

SOUL.

I queſtion ſtill mine intereſt in God,
And cannot call him Father. Mine abode
Is yet in darkneſs, I want light to read
Mine Evidences by. Oh! could I feed
My joys with full aſſurance; did I know
That God is reconciled, Chriſt did do
And ſuffer all for me, I ſoon would chaſe
All ſorrow hence, and with a ſmiling face
Look on my deareſt Lord; nothing ſhould hinder,
His love ſhould be the ſpark, my heart like tinder
Should quickly kindle, and be all in flame
With love and praiſes to his holy name.
Thrice happy *Paul* could ſay Chriſt dy'd for him,
Which fill'd his ſoul with joy up to the brim.
Did I know that, my comforts would run o're;
I'd ſit and ſing, but ſigh and ſob no more.

FAITH.

Doſt thou deſire to know it? Look within.
Is no diſcov'ry made? then look agen.
Beg light from Heaven when 'tis dark below;
Thou ſhalt know, if thou follow on to know.
Chriſt dy'd for all in whom he lives, make out
His living in thee, and thou needſt not doubt.
If thou canſt ſay, O Lord, my heart is thine;
Thou well maiſt ſay, O Lord, thy death is mine.
He enters no Houſe, but he ſprinkles firſt
The Door-poſts of it with that blood which burſt
Out of his precious ſide. That ſincere love,
Which glows within thy breaſt, came from above,
And is a ſweet reflection of that fire
And purer flame in him, and doth aſpire
To its own Element; 'twill carry thee
To that bleſt place, where is no room for me.
Ceaſe groundleſs fears, God will not him deny
That ſaith, Lord give me Chriſt, or elſe I dye.
Deal faithfully in thine own caſe, and own
With thankfulneſs what God for thee hath done.
Thou canſt not chooſe but ſay, many a time
Chriſt hath himſelf ſhewn willing to be thine.
Thou doſt accept him, doſt not? Then all's done,
The match is made, and Jeſus is thine own.
God ſaith, wilt have my Son? thou ſay'ſt, yea Lord,
Be it to me according to thy word;
His Love and Law alſo, both I would have,
His Peace without his Grace I do not crave.

I am as willing he in me ſhould reign,
As that by him I happineſs may gain.
Let this be thy return, for ſo ſhall he
Fill thee with grace, and Heaven with ſuch as thee.

Doubt 5.

From inward Corruptions.

SOUL.

With ſuch as me! believ't who will; I can't,
Whoever enters Heaven, ſure I ſhan't.
Nought that defiles ſhall thither come, that place
Is fill'd with Glory for Souls fill'd with Grace.
But mine is ſtuff'd with ſin, numberleſs evils,
Ill thoughts, affections, Legions of Devils,
Haunt and inhabit here. Lord! what a pow'r
Of luſts are crawling in it every hour!
I never ſet my ſelf to look within,
But I diſcover filthy heaps of ſin.
Did others ſee what I do, they with ſhame
And ſcorn would ſhun me; I diſgrace that name
Which graceth me, Chriſt's holy name I bear.
Him I profeſs, his Livery I wear,
With him I live, his word I hear, yet feel
No yielding to him in this heart of Steel.
Filthy I was, and ſo am ſtill; How can
An holy Chriſt dwell in ſo foul a man?
Sure he his habitation ſweepeth clean;
There are not in his Temple heaps of ſin.

Sin dies in him that liveth; therefore I
Have no true life, not finding sin to dye.

FAITH.

Sin is in thee. But is there nothing more?
There may be Grace, though of corruption store.
In midst of enemies thy Saviour reigns,
And of those enemies still ground he gains.
That mighty one hath girt his Sword to's side,
And conquering, to conquer he doth ride.
Thou feelest thy corruptions are rife,
Such feeling is a mercy, sign of life.
Dead men feel nothing, load them, load again,
They do not groan, they do not once complain.
It's well when sin doth trouble and molest, (rest
Which did thee please; for Christ hath promis'd
To heavy-laden souls; nor is he slack
To take that burden off which galls thy back.
He will not pass thee by, because so ill;
Thou art the fitter for his Sov'reign skill.
A good Phisician overlooks the sound,
And goes where sicknesses do most abound.
Hate and abhor thy sins, thy self bemoan;
If sin lose love, it cannot keep the throne.
Where 'tis endear'd it lives, loathed it dies.
Christ at one time humbles and sanctifies.
As for the stirrings of thy lust, at most,
They'r but death-pangs, it shall give up the Ghost.
Sampson did at his death make greatest sport.
The Devils rage grows high, when's time is short.

Be

Be thou ſo wiſe in th' caſe which thou art in,
As to diſcern 'twixt reign and rage of ſin.
What ſpeak thy bleeding heart, & weeping eyes?
Sure this, that ſin don't reign but tyrannize.
Danger of death is paſt, becauſe I ſee
By theſe complainings, ſin doth die in thee.

Doubt. 6.

From want of Godly ſorrow.

SOUL.

Could I indeed mourn kindly, then at laſt
I'd think the bitterneſs of death were paſt.
Could I with weeping mingle all my drink,
Or make my bed to ſwim; could I ſo think
On my corruptions, as to diſſolve
Into a flood of tears, I ſhould reſolve
My doubts, and baniſh fears. Were e're a vein
Of godly ſorrow breath'd, 'twould eaſe my pain.
Then I ſhould ſmile at table, reſt in bed,
A bleeding heart would cure an aking head.
But mine, alas! is ſtupid, brawnie, dry
Will ſcarce afford a tear, will ſcarce ſupply
Me with deſired groans; ſometimes I ſee
My brethren furniſht with a treaſurie,
Or ocean of tears. How ſoon can they
With laden clouds o'recaſt their cleareſt day!
One thought of Chriſt, or word of ſin doth make
Their eyes run over, and their hearts to ake.

I can't

I can't command a drop, when they have ſtore;
And therefore grieve 'cauſe I can grieve no more.

FAITH.

Poor ſoul! oh that thy head were waters, and
Thy chamber *Bochim*. Oh! that a command
Would ſweetly break thine heart, and make it
Feeling ſuch ſorrow as it never felt. (melt,
I wiſh that theſe dry cheeks bedew'd may be
With tears for him that ſhed his blood for thee.
They would be *Aqua vitæ*, gen'rous wine,
Quickly reviving this faint heart of thine.
Thoſe tears would drown thy ſorrow, & that rain
Would make the inward chaps to cloſe again.
Well, take a turn upon that fatal mount
Where Chriſt was crucifi'd, and there recount
His preſſing ſorrows; there behold the Sun
Of Righteouſneſs eclips'd, and having run
His race of life, ſetting at laſt in dark,
Wrapt up in clouds, ſtand ſtill a while and hark
How deep his ſighs were fetcht in that black
Who brought for us immortal life to light. (night,
His ſoul was ſorrowful, ev'n unto death.
Yet in that ſorrow not the ſmalleſt breath
Of comfort reacht him; he was fain to 'bide
The rage of enemies; nay God did hide.
Men reak'd their rage, his Father too did pour
His wrath upon him in the ſelf-ſame hour.

And

And all this for thy ſin; lay that to heart,
Thou did'ſt tranſgreſs, and he endur'd the ſmart.
Dwell on theſe thoughts, for ſure a Saviour's
May pierce and mollifie an heart of ſtone. (groan
Repeated thoughts, that God did him forſake,
May kindly work, and cauſe thy heart to ake.
Since *Peter* wept with one caſt of Chriſts eye,
Thou mai'ſt to hear him ſay, *for thee I die.*
Yet meaſure not repentance by thy tears.
Sorrow is deepeſt when it leaſt appears.
Don't always judg of inward ſorrows by
The tongue complaining, or the weeping eye.
For full-charg'd veſſels frequently run leaſt,
Through want of vent, ſo doth the heart oppreſt.
Many have words, yea tears too at their will,
Who Chriſt rejecting hug their Idols ſtill.
Eſau did weep, and yet could find no place
For wiſht repentance, nor for ſaving grace.
Again, there may true Penitents be found
O'rewhelm'd with grief, with briniſh tears not (drown'd.
Some mens complexions are hot, and they
Buckets of water muſt needs want to lay
The fire that burns within, whilſt others are
So full of moiſture, they've enough to ſpare.
Grace ſanctifieth, and makes better, yet
Natures defects are not ſuppli'd by it.
Divers affections too are in the heart,
Now one, anon another acts its part.

Thy

Thy grief once wrought, and then thou couldst (have ſtood.
Under Chriſts Croſs, till thou had'ſt wept a flood.
Holy revenge now is upon the ſtage,
And proſecutes with never-ending rage
The murderer, that Chriſt did crucifie,
And nothing but its blood will ſatisfie.
Deſpond not then, O ſoul, that ſacred fire
Of holy anger (which ſhall not expire
Upon the altar of thine heart) doth dry
That dew which once upon thy cheeks did lie.
Come, doſt thou feel the heavy weight of ſin?
Wouldſt give a world, there were not one within?
Is that thy miſery, thy plague, thy ſore?
Wouldſt willingly offend thy God no more?
If God ſhould bid thee ask a boon, wouldſt cry,
Lord, that my ſoul might live; my ſin might die?
Canſt part with *Delilah*? canſt *Agag* hew,
Thy Kingly-darling-luſt, canſt bid adieu
To all the Idols of thine heart? then he
Who dy'd for ſinners, alſo dy'd for thee.
That ſenſe of ſin, thoſe inward pains that cauſe
A man to loath himſelf, yield to Chriſts laws,
The Goſpel calls enough. Do thou not cover
One of thy ſins, God will them all paſs over.
What e're is wanting in thy tears, Chriſts blood
To th' utmoſt will ſupply, and make it good.
Huge mountainous tranſgreſſions of man
Small rivers cannot hide, but th' Ocean can.

Doubt

Doubt 7.
From ſpiritual unfruitfulneſs.

SOUL.

But my heart is a barren ſoil: that lays
My comforts dead; did I fill up my days,
Place and Relations; ah! did I find
A fruitful ſoul, I ſhould not faint in mind.
I cannot weep, yet if my work went on,
Were this my ſtraitned heart enlarg'd to run
The ways of Gods Commandments, then my peace
Would like a river be, and ſtill increaſe.
Abundant fruits of holineſs would be
Proofs of my love to God, Gods love to me.
God juſtly doth expect from every one
Returns of love and duty. There is none
Deſerves a ſervants name, unleſs he do
Perform the work his maſter ſets him to.
God likes not idle drones, that drink and eat
At others coſt, and live on others ſweat.
His people are induſtrious, and can ſay,
Lord we our work have finiſht in our day.
Whereas mine lieth dead upon my hand,
While time flies ſwiftly, I do idle ſtand.
Many commands before me preſent are,
But where's obedience? if I compare
My life with God's law, I moſt plainly ſee,
Of much that ſhould, little is done by me.

I ſtand and wonder at my Maſters coſt,
Then ſit down ſighing, when I think all loſt.

FAITH.

Suppoſe it true, that little fruit is found
Upon thy branches; thou doſt not abound
In ſervice; though thy reck'ning-day doth haſte,
Yet days for working do run out to waſte.
The beſt of ſervants oft have cauſe to ſay,
I have not done a days-work in a day.
But what's thy duty now? ſure not to throw
All hope away, and utterly undo
Thy precious high-born ſoul by black deſpair;
Rather mend former faults by future care.
Is one day gone, and yet its work not done?
Then if thou canſt, do two days work in one.
And having been too too remiſs before,
Double thy diligence, and ſtrive the more!
Didſt ſleep away thy golden morning hours?
Then in the afternoon call up the pow'rs
Of ſoul and body, working each amain,
Not leaving till thy loſſes thou regain.
This doth become a Chriſtian, not to ſit
Doubting and drooping only in a fit
Of Melancholy, which his comfort kills,
And him with ſpiritual diſtempers fills.
But is't a juſt charge which thou doſt put in
Againſt thy ſelf, poor ſoul! O do not ſin
In falſe-accuſing; act not Satan's part
To make him all the ſport, thy ſelf the ſmart.

Let

Let the beſt laden branches hang the head.
Be thankful for ſome fruit, the tree's not dead
That hath one cluſter. Though more would do
Out of that one thou mai'ſt a bleſſing ſpell. (well,
Acknowledg what thy God to thee hath been,
And overlook not thy returns to him.
Thankfully own receipts of Grace; withall
Do not diſown thy gracious acts, though ſmall.
There's no day thou doſt all thy work; but pray
Doſt not do ſomething for God ev'ry day?
Canſt thou paſs one without an holy thought,
And thankful mindfulneſs of him that brought
Thee up from th' womb? canſt for the world be
Without ſome intercourſe 'twixt God & thee? (free
Tell me the truth; where haſt beſtow'd thy love,
Unleſs upon thy deareſt friends above?
Whom doſt deſire? whoſe abſence doſt bemoan,
Like that of God, who is thine only one?
In Ordinances thou doſt moſt delight;
And would'ſt do all thy duties with thy might.
Now ſprings a ſigh, then drops a pearly tear;
Here's grief for ſin, longings for God be there.
Call this good fruit; thou haſt not barren been,
Something thou findeſt, more remains unſeen.
All Saints do not improve alike; ſome yield
A larger crop than others. Every field
Bears not an equal burden. Some Saints prove
More fertile than their Brethren, and their love
Being ſtronger is more active; ne'rtheleſs
Not one doth know a total barrenneſs.

The

The Father purgeth every branch that is
Truly in Jesus, so that none doth miss
Wholly of bearing. And if now small store
Of holy fruit, there may next year be more.
Besides thou readest, Christians life is hid;
So are their vital acts sometimes. Who did
Discover ought in *David*, while the fall
Of leaf was on him: ah! how sadly all
His graces lay for dead! the sap in's root
Yet rose again, and brought forth precious fruit.
Be not discourag'd, God will not despise
A day of small things. In his gracious eyes
Blossoms are acceptable; if there be
One little cluster, Oh! how sweetly he
Doth smile upon it! 'tis his holy will,
It should not be destroyed, because still
There is a blessing in it. If God do
Own poor beginnings, see thou own them too.

Doubt 8.

From want of Growth.

SOUL.

Where grace is true, it thrives. The rising Sun
Doth with a swift incessant motion run,
Until he reacheth the Meridian.
At last the tender Infant is a man.
Thus 'tis in nature, thus in grace; the way
Of just men shineth to the perfect day.

At first they live, after they lively grow,
Add grace to grace till they a fulness know.
From strength to strength they do advance, until
They before God appear in Zion-hill.
They flourish in his holy Courts, and do
Improve in youth, and in their old age too.
The outward man is subject to decay,
But th' inward man's renewed day by day.
So should it be with me, who sit and feed
At a full table, where I nothing need,
Yet though I keep my meals, and eat my fill,
There's cause to cry, Ah Lord, my leanness still!
I have the Sun-shine, and the fat'ning rain
Of Gospel-Doctrine, but yet nothing gain.
I suck the flowers of truth, thereby to thrive,
Yet carry little honey to my Hive.
Others began since me with Heaven to trade,
Better advantage yet by far have made.
When I my spiritual strength or stock do trie,
I do at first weakness and wants espie.
Look what an one I was sometime ago,
Just such I am; my Stature's very low.
My hand of faith yet trembles, and mine eye
Sees very dim, the Gospel mysterie
I can scarce peep into; my love is chill.
My patience hardly brooketh any ill,
My zeal for God is cold. Flat my desire.
My heart is ice, which should be all on fire.
Thus it was formerly, thus it is now,
I am but what I was, and do not grow.

Which want of progreſs makes me ſadly fear
I am not what to others I appear.

FAITH.

It is not always ſafe from preſent ſenſe
To judg of thy condition, for from hence
Thouſands upon miſtakes have fill'd with fears,
And caſt away thoſe comforts which were theirs.
Thou doſt deny thy growth in grace; doſt know
For certain thine eſtate ſome years ago?
If thou reflect only on yeſterday,
Or a month ſince, 'tis plain, thy progreſs may
Be wholly undiſcern'd; look further back,
Look curiouſly, and ſo what thou doſt lack
For evidence of growth, thou mai'ſt diſcover,
Whereby the preſent trouble will go over.
Thou doſt not ſee the motion of the Sun,
Though in a day thouſands of miles he run.
Thy childrens growth, thy plants increaſe may be
Hid for a time, and not perceiv'd by thee.
Bread daily thou doſt eat, and yet aſſoon
As dinner's paſt, know'ſt not what good is done.
Thereby thou nouriſht art, and ſtrength haſt got,
Although immediately thou feel'ſt it not.
A Tradeſman doth his Calling follow hard,
Yet cannot tell his gain till afterward.
Wares he buys in, and ſells them out again,
Others he doth ſupply, himſelf maintain;
But ſcarce can tell whether he get or waſte,
Until at the years end he comes to caſt

His

His ſhop-books up; which being done, he can
Make it appear, he is a better man
Than laſt year left him. He with joy hath found,
There's added to his weight an hundred pound.
So if thou wilt conſider what thou waſt
In ſpiritual ſtrength and ſtature ſome years paſt,
Thou't find the babe in Chriſt is grown a man,
And to thy graces great addition.
Only conſider wiſely, and compare
With faithfulneſs things paſt, with things that are.
And thy attainments do thou not deny,
Becauſe thou haſt not all that's in thine eye.
Beſides in nature are more ways than one
Of growing and increaſe. For when the Sun
Makes his approach in Spring, the plants do ſhoot,
And flouriſh upward, then again their root
On his withdrawing from them, ſpreads, and ſo
Now upward and anon downward they grow.
Both growths in ſeaſon are, both needful be,
One graceth, t' other ſtabliſhes the tree.
Thus in the Chriſtian; ſometimes Faith improves
And makes advance; then the next turn is Loves;
Which riſeth to a flame, from whence there ſprings
Raptures of joy. The ſoul then ſits and ſings,
The table now is ſpread, the cup runs o're,
In which it doth delight, and God adore;
Of him it makes its boaſt; th' affections
To Chriſt wax vehement; injections
From Satan cool, the Lion doth not roar.
Now evidences are clearer and more

For preſent grace, and everlaſting bliſs.
Moſt eaſie 'tis to ſee ſuch growth as this.
But it's not thus with thee; well, don't deſpair,
Improvement now may be ſome other where.
Ricketty growth doth never pleaſe a mother,
She'd ſee it in all parts, both one and other.
And ſo would Chriſt, who to his holy race
Out of his fulneſs giveth grace for grace.
And influenceth each with dews and raies,
That ſo his people may be to his praiſe.
All this he doth not all at once, but yet
He doth it as in wiſdom he ſees fit.
Search then, yea dig, dig deep, ſo mai'ſt thou find
Thoſe hidden treaſures that will pleaſe thy mind.
In barren places oft rich Mines are found;
Gods workings are not ſeldom under ground.
Perhaps thou doſt not feaſt it with delight,
But doſt not feel a craving appetite?
Thou wants aſſurance of thy Father's heart;
But thou for this humbler in ſpirit art.
Thou at the ſpring of comforts doſt not lie;
Yet now thou canſt for Chriſt thy ſelf deny.
Once thy affections were fonder far;
But at this day they more judicious are.
For ſin thou weep'ſt not, as thou could'ſt before;
But now thou ſeeſt it worſe, and hat'ſt it more.
Thou to more ſpiritual knowledg haſt attain'd,
Much in experiences thou haſt gain'd.
Art lower now than e're in thine own eyes,
Canſt worldly Vanities much more deſpiſe

Than

Than in thy younger time. Bleſs God for this,
He that grows thus, ſhall never do amiſs.

Doubt 9.

From wandring Thoughts.

SOUL.

Another vexing thorn and pricking briar
Is, that my fluttering mind can mount no higher
In holy duties. When I up would flie,
Upon the earth my heart doth groveling lie.
Or if ſometimes it be upon the wing,
It doth not ſtay above; but every thing
Allures it down again. Trifles divert
This fooliſh, worldly, and unſtable heart;
And draw it from Gods ſervice, when I'd fain
Keep cloſe to him. There is cauſe to complain;
Evil is preſent with me when I wou'd
Walk with my Father, and do what is good.
My reaſon tells me, One preſent with God
Seeing his Scepter, and his Iron-rod;
One that ſuch mercies hath humbly to crave,
As that God pardon would, accept and ſave.
One that doth ſee the ſinfulneſs of ſin,
And doth deſire to conquer all within.
One that doth know the plague of his own heart,
And hath been made to feel its dreadful ſmart.
One that hath looked down into the deep,
And fears his own damnation doth not ſleep.
One that for life prays, and cœleſtial pleaſure,
With endleſs glory, ſhould not be at leiſure

Any divertiſements that time to own, (down.
He from ſuch weighty work ſhould not come
But my inconſtant ſpirit's drawn aſide
By every fawning trifle; can't abide
To ſtick to ſerious work, or dwell upon
Its own concerns by meditation.
Though to a boiling heat my heart be wrought;
Yet even then many an idle thought
Will bubble up: In midſt of fervent cries,
A filthy and moſt lothſome ſcum doth riſe.
Methinks, when I moſt gladly do repair
To hear Gods Word, 'tis pleaſant to be there;
That duty's my delight, fain would I ſit
A daily Learner at my Saviour's feet.
All earthly buſineſs I lay by, and go
Where I may know him whom 'tis life to know.
But while my greedy ear to him I bow,
My heart is ſtoln away I know not how,
Carri'd I know not where, but moan my croſs
In fulleſt chaſe to find my ſelf at loſs.
So when in ſenſe of ſin or want I pray
And put up my petitions, I lay
Strict charge upon my ſoul to go along,
And with affections to back my tongue.
But a temptation comes, and knocks at dore,
And then my fickle heart will pray no more.
Up then it gets, and ſtrait away doth run,
Its heat is ſpent before my ſuit is done.
What ground is there for hope I proſper may,
When frequently in prayer I don't pray.

I great-

I greatly fear, my heart from wickedneſs
Is not yet waſht, ſince vanities do preſs
Continually into 't, and quickly find
Moſt ready welcome with my vainer mind.

FAITH.

Chriſtian, this ev'n thy ſoul-diſtempers ſpeaks;
'Tis ſure, thy heart hath too too many leaks,
Which ſacred things let out, and then let in
Satans ſuggeſtions, the world, and ſin.
All is not as it ſhould be, in this life
Grace will imperfect be, corruptions riſe.
Mourn therefore that this Cabinet of thine
Framed by Gods own hand for things divine,
And to be fill'd with Chriſt and Grace ſhould be
Thus ſtufft with droſs, and dung, and vanitie.
Our ſouls our glory are, on purpoſe made
To carry on a never ceaſing trade
With Heaven, and upon their God attend,
Like Angels in his preſence without end.
Grieve then that thine thus ſhould the Lacquey (play
On every toy that ſummons it away.
Let mourning upon wanderings attend,
Sadly bewail what yet thou canſt not mend.
But be not out of heart, theſe ſpots are ſeen
On Gods own children, that have waſhed been
In Chriſts moſt precious blood. All of them do
Hate wandring thoughts, and yet they have them (too.

That ſoul which upon Chriſt is fixt in love,
May in its duties often fluttering prove.
Wandrings either from careleſneſs procede,
Or unto them meer weakneſs doth thee lead.
If careleſneſs be cauſe of them, thy God
Will viſit for them with a ſmarting rod.
If they ariſe only from weakneſs, he
Will never charge thoſe failings upon thee.
He is a Father, with loves mantle can
Hide multitudes of ſuch in humbled man.
The child is troubled with a Palſie, and
Cannot hold faſt what he hath in his hand.
His Father is not angry with him ſure,
But firſt him pities, then looks out for cure.
God is a Father too, none ſuch, and ſo
Accepteth what thou doſt with weakneſs do.
Know further, this is not thy caſe alone,
On this ſide Heaven of all the Saints there's none
But will with ſadneſs ſay, Juſt ſo am I:
This is the burden under which I lie.
When they mount upward unto God, they feel
Their weaker minds all on a ſudden wheel,
And downward rowl again. Though Heaven be
Their Element, place of felicitie,
Yet like to fiſhes in the water, they
E're and anon friſk out in wanton play.
Then do not with deſpair thy ſelf bemoan,
Thy caſe is ſad, but not thy caſe alone.
Let that be thy ſupport, in miſery
It is ſome comfort to have company.

Further, I know, as vanity doth mix
With thy beſt duties, when thou wouldeſt fix
Only on God, and bid'ſt all things be gone,
That thou mai'ſt pleaſe thy ſelf with him alone;
So as theſe cheating vanities do ſteal
Some of thy precious time; thy ſoul doth feel
(In midſt of this incroaching worlds affairs
Which fills thy mind with many thoughts and (cares,)
Secret withdrawings of thine heart from all,
Holy aſcendings at thy Father's call.
As there are heavy weights that do depreſs
And bear thee down in ſolemn ſervices:
So there's a mighty principle of love,
Which ſweetly carrieth thy ſoul above.
When other things needs would it here detain,
Upon that mighty wing it flies amain.
And when 'tis ſetter'd with the world, what ſmart
Doſt feel until (thoſe fetters broke) thou art
Again reſtor'd to ſpiritual libertie,
And made for holy meditation free.
If Satan and the world have crouded in
To Church and Cloſet, cheer up, God hath been
With thee in houſe and ſtreet. This wandring heart
Out of its ſix days hath carv'd God apart.
As in thy pureſt manchet there is leaven,
So in thy daily bread there's ſome of Heaven.
But ſince, O Soul, thy ſtay with God is ſhort,
See that to him thou frequently reſort.

Do

Do not thy thoughts with him abide? be ſure
Long abſence from him thou do not endure.
Thy head indeed is weak, thy grace not ſtrong,
Pray therefore oft, becauſe thou canſt not long.
While others viſit once, do thou go twice;
Thy falls are frequent, frequent be thy riſe.
Thy duties interrupted are, this do,
Piece duty unto duty, mend all too.
Since all thy lambs are blemiſht, without fail
Of all thy flock offer to God the male.
And ſince thy thoughts will from thee often part,
Be ſure in all thy work there be thy heart.
And know, this weakneſs ſhall be cur'd, God will
Give thee of fellowſhip with him thy fill
When once thou com'ſt to Heaven, thou ſhalt be
Fixed upon him to eternitie.
He that is thy deſire and thy delight,
Shall minded be, and ſerv'd with all thy might.
Thy thoughts and thy affections ſhall come
And dwell on him their everlaſting home.
Thine enemies ſhall all away be flown,
Temptation there ſha'nt be, corruption none.
Thine heart ſhall then be rais'd, and no more fall
To earth or ſin, God ſhall be all in all.
Grieve not too much, though here thou wander
Thou ſhalt not wander, when up Zion-hill. (ſtill,

Doubt

Doubt 10.
From fear of Apostacy.

SOUL.

I know if I were there, I soon should be
Eas'd of these loads, and from corruption free.
No Devil's there to tempt, sin to perplex,
No clog to hinder, *Canaanite* to vex.
All is serene and pleasant, all delight; (night.
Withdrawings there are none, no clouds, no
There sights of God are clear, communion sure,
Uninterrupted, always to endure.
But I uncertain am, and sadly fear,
I shall my labour lose, and not come there.
Heaven I mind for Gods sake, 'tis the scope
Of all mine actions, yet I dare not hope
At last to reach it; no, I may fall short,
And be the Angels scorn, and Devils sport.
Experience tells me, if at any time
I plead a title, and call glory mine,
Strait I receive a check, because it is
So difficult to get, easie to miss.
I have indeed been walking in the way;
That thither leads, some steps I take each day.
I for salvation pray, and wrestling groan,
Resolved not to let my God alone
Until he bless me. Prayer is the thing
That to me doth my sweetest comforts bring.

Unto

Unto the Church I go, the Word I hear,
As 'tis Gods Word, with reverence and fear.
I daily ſtand upon my guard, and do
Watch againſt ſin, as my moſt mortal foe:
I put on all my armour, and maintain
A conſtant war with all, thereby to gain
The victory at length over each one,
And ſit triumphant on my Saviour's throne.
I labour with my might, if ſo I may
Commended be by God another day.
I make what haſte I can, that ſo I might
Reach ſafely to my Father's houſe by night.
By this means I have got near Heaven, and
From *Piſgah* can look to the holy land.
But what of this? many an one hath loſt
All his profeſſion, his pains and coſt.
Not only buds are nipt, which tender are,
But lovely bloſſoms, which did promiſe fair,
Are blaſted with the cold and winds. Nay more,
Oft have I ſeen the earth thick ſown with ſtore
Of fruit near ripe, which in a Summers morn
A furious tempeſt hath blown down with ſcorn.
Many a ſtately Ship, the owners pride,
Backt at its ſetting forth with wind and tide,
Hath ſwiftly plow'd the Main, and ſafely paſt,
Trading from Port to Port, until at laſt,
It doth return rich fraught, and every one
Sweetly diſcourſeth of his long'd for home,
And Wife, and Children, with his Friends, that do
Long every whit as much to ſee him too:

The

The Mariners conclude their danger o're,
The Merchants ſmile,& dread their loſs no more;
Yet near the Haven it is caſt away,
And by the mighty waters made a prey.(crown'd;
When all thought with ſucceſs their labour
The Ship is ſunk,goods loſt,and Seamen drown'd.
With many in Religion thus it is,
Who aim at Heaven, but of Heaven miſs.
Their lives are blameleſs, & their hopes are high,
Yet when their days are done,their hopes do die.
To day they think all well; but on the morrow
Death ſummons them,& down they lie in ſorrow.
Thus did the fooliſh Virgins at laſt get
Unto the Bridegrooms chamber-door, and yet
No entrance could obtain. This was their doom,
I know you not, depart, here is no room
For ſuch as you. Pack, pack out of my ſight,
Your veſſels want their oil,your lamps their light.
The young man went a great way, and got near
To Heaven, but fell ſhort, and ne're came there.
Admir'd the progreſs, terrible the falls
Have been of ſome profeſſed Saints, which calls
Loudly on all to fear, leſt in the cloſe
Of all their labours they their labour loſe.
Of ſuch why may not I, poor I be one,
Who after all their doings are undone.
Such are the workings of mine heart, I do
Watch daily, ply mine oar, and tremble too.
I have made fair beginnings, but do fear,
Unto the end I ſhall nor perſevere.

Some weight may preſs me down, ſome ſin beſet
And with eaſe maſter my affections, get
A conqueſt over me, clap on its chain,
From which I never may get looſe again.
As yet I do proceed as I began,
But may be driven back by fear of man.
My zeal now ſeemeth hot, but cool it may
Upon the ſight of Lions in the way.
And how ſhall I appear? or with what face
Can I look upon God? if in this race
I tire or turn my back; ſince it is ſure,
Apoſtate Chriſtians he cannot endure.
Better it had been never to have known
Pure ways of righteouſneſs, than to diſown
And leave them afterward; none ſink in Hell
Deeper than thoſe fall from a Pinacle.
Many from thence have tumbled, why not I?
Whoſe head is weak, whoſe ſtanding ſlipperie.
Who every foot am ready to turn o're,
Religion to throw up, and do no more.
The footmen weary me, what ſhall I do,
When I am call'd to run with horſemen too?
If in a land of peace I fainted have,
How ſhall I live on Jordans ſwelling wave?

FAITH.

Apoſtacy indeed's a dreadful evil,
Transforming man into an ugly Devil.
Blind *Turks* and Heathens jewels are, if we
Compare them with thoſe that Apoſtates be.

Hell's

Hells first-born these are, Satans eldest sons,
And shall receive their double portions
Of plagues and miseries; God will repay
In punishment their falshood at that day
Which he appointed hath, when for what's done
By men, he men will judg by Christ his Son.
Oft these are found within the Churches line;
Oft seeming sheep have proved sordid swine.
Some that were thought furnisht with oil enough
To feed their lamps, have ended in a snuff.
Some that seem'd orient stars of light do fail,
And down are drag'd by th' fiery Dragons tail.
Demas forsook that *Paul* he followed;
Shewing thereby, he only borrowed
The Christian name himself a while to grace,
Which done, he did the flattering world embrace.
But know the fruit which falls, though 'twas before
Lovely in skin, was rotten at the core.
Members that seem'd alive, and now are dead,
Never united were to Christ the head.
Hangby's they were, and base pretenders, who
Mystical union unto Christ ne'r knew.
False grace is always failing grace; the sound,
Instead of failing shall still more abound.
Not that this holy firmness doth proceed
Or spring from natures power in *Abra'ms* seed,
Or from the grace in them, that's but a creature,
And might be master'd soon, were not a greater
And all-sufficient strength by God put out, (rout.
Which doth maintain their ground, prevent their

Even

Even *Peters* faith had fail'd, had not Christ pray'd
And also secretly afforded aid.
Saints eminent (if God withdraw his hand
For one poor moment from them) cannot stand.
Should he with-hold his influence, they die;
Should he leave them, they soon would him deny.
Angels themselves would fall, but that they be
By grace confirm'd in their felicitie.
Much more would *Adam*'s seed, who have within
Back-sliding principles, and seeds of sin.
They soon would God forsake, and soon undo
The Cov'nant made to love and serve him too.
The root they do not bear, the root bears them,
They are both holy Saints, and sinning men.
Undone thou soon wouldst be, if God should take
Away his Spirit, and thy soul forsake.
By thine own strength, O man, thou dost not stand;
But thy dear Father is at thy right hand,
Holding thee up, and he will carry thee
In arms of love to blest eternitie.
Thy Cistern leaks, but it shall not be dry,
Because the upper springs will send supply.
Dangers and clouds shall vanish; God shall be
An everlasting Sun and shield to thee.
Consider in how much thou Christ hast stood,
Not one whit less than his most precious blood.
For thee his Head with thorns was crown'd, his side
Was pierc'd, for thee he sweat, he bled, he di'd.

And

And will he caſt away a ſoul, that coſt
So great a price as this? ſhall that be loſt
Which he prefer'd before his life? no, he
Will be his purchas'd Saints ſecuritie.
His own thou art, with thee he will not part,
Who once didſt coſt his blood, ſtill haſt his heart;
Thou art a member of his body, one
Part of his fulneſs, and he'l part with none
Of them or that, but will them ſave and love;
Chriſt will not be a maimed Chriſt above.
Nay more, he ſtands oblig'd. His Father gave
A people to him, that he might them ſave.
He is accountable for every one:
Muſt raiſe them all at laſt day, loſing none.
Yea, and in ſuch a ſtate he muſt them raiſe,
As they may be unto his name a praiſe.
Now in purſuance of his Father's will,
He that hath always kept, will keep thee ſtill.
And therefore he hath promis'd to impart
His fear unto thee, and write in thine heart
His ſacred law, that though thou mai'ſt be tri'd
With fierce aſſaults, none of thy ſteps may ſlide.
He in himſelf hath laid up all thy ſtore,
And if thou little haſt, he'l give thee more.
Adam thy father had a pow'r to ſtand,
Which pow'r was wholly plac'd in his own hand;
But he did quickly loſe the ſtock that was
Committed to him; hence Chriſt will not paſs
All thine eſtate to thee at once, leſt thou
Run out of all, and prove a beggar too.

Himself thy fulness is, and therefore sure,
He being rich, thou never shalt be poor.
So poor as to depend, thou still shalt be,
But never know undoing povertie.
Eden was once indeed fill'd with more grace,
Or rather holiness, yet that sweet place
Was never so secure, as is thy Ark,
Thy floating little cock-boat now; for mark,
God is its skilful Pilot, constant stay,
Who by his spirit steereth night and day
Its course; upholding, strengthening thee likewise,
When tempests rage, & threatning waves arise.
Thus chear thy self, when thou dost fear to fall,
Remembring God will be thine all in all,
Thy rock and refuge, thy treasure and guard,
Who keepeth for thee constant watch and ward.
His eye doth neither slumber, nor once sleep,
He keepeth *Israel*, and thee doth keep.
He is no land of darkness, barren heath,
His everlasting arms are underneath.
He knows full well when ought would thee annoy;
Will always be thy comfort and thy joy.
Do thou thy duty, and then know that God
Will with his staff support thee, with his rod
Will guide thy steps, until at last thou be
Above a sinning possibility.

Doubt

Doubt 11.
From Satans Temptations.

SOUL.

If God my keeper were, I ſhould not doubt
My ſpiritual ſafety, nor my holding out.
Mine enemies ſhould fall, and I ſhould be
At peace, becauſe in full ſecuritie.
Jachin and *Boaz* I'd my pillars call,
Did God make his Salvation my wall.
The Lion ſhould not rend, nor Serpent bite,
Becauſe he watcheth his both day and night.
But ſure the Lord hath left me, for I feel
The Serpent always nibling at my heel.
I now am walking in a wilderneſs,
Where Lion's always roaring more or leſs.
Hardly a day doth paſs, nay ſcarce an hour,
But Satan doth aſſault me with his power.
With utmoſt rage the mighty gates of Hell
Aſſault and ſtorm my crazie Cittadel.
And how is't poſſible, poor I ſhould be
An equal match for ſuch an enemie?
What may a worm do? what reſiſtance can
Be made by fooliſh weak and naked man?
Alas, I quake and tremble every hour,
Expecting when he will my ſoul devour.
Now he doth play with me, and my fears feed
His mirth; me at his pleaſure he can lead

An helpleſs captive, hurrying me to ſin;
He can me poſt to th' torments he is in.
Great is his ſtrength, and numberleſs his wiles,
Many his famous conqueſts, trophies, ſpoils.
Run through the world, ſinners & Saints compare,
You'l ſee, the greateſt part falls to his ſhare.
Here he hath ſpread a net, there ſet a gin,
Thouſands of thouſands are intrapt therein.
Of men, the moſt he orders at his pleaſure,
His ſport he makes them, when he's moſt at leiſure.
He knows and is aſſur'd they are his own; (
If but a bait be laid, the work is done,
They'r caught, his hook ſticks, and they caanot (free
Themſelves from ſin, nor him, nor miſery.
Lord of this world he is, whom they adore,
Fear him they do, and yet they love him more.
Nay, he'l encounter any, he fears none;
But counts himſelf a match for ev'ry one.
Thoſe that are built on the eternal rock,
And ſtand immovable, have felt his ſhock.
Experience tells us, that thoſe Saints who be
Strongeſt in grace are not temptation-free.
Adam in Paradiſe (though perfect, and
Armed with ſtrength ſufficient to withſtand
All foreign force, and bravely keep the field)
Was ſet upon, and fet upon did yield.
So did this ſubtle enemy undo
A world of men in one man at a blow.
That firſt attempt ſucceeded to his heart;
Since, he is grown a maſter in the Art

Of

Of tempting; at the first he had his will;
Six thousand years have much increas'd his skill.
That victory did flesh him, ever since
He is courag'ous, bids fear get it hence.
He set on *David*; *Joshua* the Priest
(When in Gods presence) found he had not ceast
From troubling Saints. Although *Job* did outshine
All men on earth that lived in his time,
He could not be at quiet. This foul Fiend
Desir'd on him his sharp'ned darts to spend.
Paul was a valiant champion, yet still
On him the Devil needs would try his skill.
He had his buffets, and in's flesh a thorn;
And had not help come, had been overborn.
Saints then he troubles, and of all there's none
Reacht Heaven but through sore temptation.
Yea, as he hath desi'd the blessed Host
Of great Jehov', so he can likewise boast
Of his assaulting Christ their chief; he did
Not only bruise the heel, but strike the head.
This beast of prey hath set upon the sheep,
And on the shepherd too that doth them keep.
And what, shall I, fighting with such a foe,
Hope to make good my ground, & worst him too?
Shall I victorious be, and cause to flie
Those troops of Devils that in ambush lie,
And have a party too in mine own breast,
By which I am continually oppress?
Mine own corruptions do me betray
To their temptations oft ev'ry day.

How can it be, that I who thus beſet
Am with ſuch en'mies, ſhould the conqueſt get?
I can't believe it, for it cannot be:
The ſtrength of Hell and ſin's too ſtrong for me.

FAITH.

Be of good courage, dread not Satans might,
By Chriſt thou liſted art, reſolve to fight.
He of Salvation the Captain is:
Do what he bids, thou canſt not do amiſs.
Put on thine armour, man, one piece and other,
From head to foot it will thee ſafely cover.
Only there is no back-piece: ſuch as flie
Loſe their defence, then either fight or die.
Gird on thy ſword, and Faith take for thy ſhield,
So ſhall the Devil flie, thou keep the field.
Hath he his trophies by him? doth he tell
Of captives he hath led in chains to Hell?
Hath he near fill'd his priſon? and made ſure
Of thouſands that did think themſelves ſecure,
And out of gun-ſhot? what! doth he recall
To mind with triumph, *David*'s, *Peter*'s fall?
Remember how *Goliah* did defie
Iſraels army; but proud fool did die
By a young ſtriplings hand; a little ſtone
Did turn his vapours to a dying groan.
And in thy fainting-fits remember how
Blaſpheming *Rabſhakeh* did brave it too;
With a profane foot on the holy land
By fair *Jeruſalem*'s walls he did ſtand

Crying,

Crying, Where are the gods of *Hamath?* where
Ivah's and *Sepharvaim*'s gods? were there
Any of them could my great power withstand,
Or keep *Samaria* from *Assyria*'s hand?
But what of that, one Angel in one nigh
Did near Two hundred thousand slay outright.
All were dead corpses, when next morn man rose,
And so in fear away *Sennacherib* goes.
That God who thus the pow'rs on earth doth quell,
Knows how to do the same to th' gates of Hell.
Poor weaklings have through him stood out the shock,
And being built on the eternal Rock,
Laugh'd *Beelzebub* to scorn; assisted by
Christs strength, babes win the day, and make him flie.
Cedars have tumbled, when a bruised reed
Hath stood unbroken. The immortal seed
Once sown, shall root & grow, though Satan fain
Would be at work to pick it up again.
The first of Creatures he did make to fall;
But the new Creature shall stand after all;
Yea, after all's attempts, and shall at length
With triumph say, My soul th'ast trod down
In mad Bravadoe he did Christ engage, strength.
But thereby lost his pow'r, though not his rage.
He of his Holiness long'd to bereave him, him.
But when his worst was done, was forc'd to leave
And then was vanquisht, spoil'd; see, see his loss,
Which openly was shewn upon the Cross.
E're since the Lion's muzzl'd, roar he may,
But cannot make the meanest Saint his prey.

With his own filthy swine he may be bold,
He there hath leave, but must not touch the fold,
Nor seize a lamb thereof; or if he dare,
Our watchful *David* in his tender care
Steps in and makes a rescue. Jesus will
Be, as his name imports, a Saviour still.
David his Type appointed was to keep
And tend his aged Father *Jesse*'s sheep,
A Lion and a Bear to thin his stock,
Did take a tender Lamb out of the flock;
Then *David* kill'd the Lion, slew the Bear.
A greater far than *David*, Soul, is here.
David thy Shepherd is, the mighty God,
Who in his hand carrieth an Iron rod,
With which he can in pieces break with ease
Any devourer that his Lambs would seize.
Thou mai'st be tempted, Satan is not ty'd
From worrying thee; Gold in the fire is tri'd;
And so is Grace, the more thou hast, the more
Will Satan envy thee; thy well-known store
Doth tempt him thee to plunder, and to cheat:
'Twas *Peter* he would winnow as the wheat.
But Christ thy Captain hath him in a chain;
When he gives him a Link, he can again
At pleasure draw him in, and shut him up
In his own proper place, and make him sup
On flames of wrath, when he had thought to dine
And feast himself on this poor soul of thine.
Under authority he is, can't go
One step without permission, cannot do

Ought

Ought without leave from Christ, who is so dear
Over thine interest, thou need'st not fear.
Engage thou never dost, but he stands by,
Ready to help in thy necessity.
When *Peter* wounded was, and going over
Unto the en'mies tent, Christ did recover
Him with one gracious look; so did he save
His precious soul, and kept him from the grave.
This he will do for all that do him own,
Of those the Father gave him, he'l lose none.
For he hath promised, that they shall be
Crowned at last with happy victorie.
Wherefore the combat do thou not refuse.
For God thy God this enemy shall bruise
Under thy foot, and when his worst is done,
By the Lambs blood thou shalt him overcome.
And as a conquerour in Heaven dwell,
When this dire foe shall be confin'd to Hell.

Doubt 12.

From Afflictions.

SOUL.

I'le name but one thing more which doth create
Perplexing thoughts, and very much abate
The vigour of my joy, who fain would grace
My high profession with a smiling face.
Afflictions manifold attend upon,
Just as its shadow, pure Religon.
With inward gain is joined outward loss;
Before a Crown we must expect a Cross.

Disciples

Disciples must stoop down and take it up,
Pledging their Saviour in his bitter cup.
All things uncertain are under the Moon;
These comforts quickly spring, wither as soon.
Estates are bubbles, broke as soon as blown,
We hardly know what thing to call our own.
Job was a great man, did not want for ought,
And yet was quickly to a dunghill brought.
Poor *Jonah* in his gourd did much delight;
But *Jonah*'s gourd was blasted in a night.
All are uncertain, Saints more so, who stand
Compast with enemies on ev'ry hand,
And when for nothing they deserv'd the rod,
Have suffer'd for the matters of their God.
Because to their Religion firm they stood,
Home they have been sent through a Sea of blood.
Walk through the world, in ev'ry place you'l find
The men of earth against the Saints combin'd;
Consult the Ages past, and read their story,
You'l see Gods children went through shame to glory.
And 'tis not easie for us to deny
Our life, our peace, or our prosperity.
The young man at this stumbling-block did fall,
He'd rather part with Christ, than part with all.
And many have at first fairly set out, (bout.
Who, when the storm waxt great, have tackt a-
Christ they esteem'd far less than an Estate,
And would not have him at too dear a rate.
Christ and pleasures are good, Christ & earth too,
But they thought Christ alone would never do.

Now

Now who can tell, what we may meet before
Our journey ended is, and time no more?
Though now we fallow lie, yet plowers may
Make long their furrows on our back one day:
And in those furrows may, my little store
Of seeming-grace be buried, rise no more.
If God should leave me, ah! how soon should I
Desert his cause, and from my colours flie.
In Sun-shine-days 'tis nothing not to fear,
And challenge enemies when none appear.
It's nothing to be good, when seeming so
Brings credit with it, and preferment too.
Who would not hug a Christ, when hugging him
We may in Pleasures river daily swim?
But it is difficult for one to crie
Hosanna, when Rulers say, Crucifie.
To bear a Cross for Christ, and all forego
Rather than shipwrack Faith and Conscience too.
To be disgrac'd, a beggar, nay to die
Of deaths the worst, rather than him denie:
This, this is hard, and calls for greater store
Of Grace than I have, though I had much more
Than yet I have. The very thought doth pinch;
Sure when I come in traces I shall flinch
And break the yoke, and he that doth not bear
Christs heavy Cross, his Crown shall never wear.

FAITH

Why troublest thou thy self about the morrow?
The present day is big enough with sorrow.

Dan-

Dangers at distance are the worst by far;
They lose their terrours as they nearer are.
A Lion's not so fierce as he is painted;
We sufferings may like, when once acquainted.
Such as in corner sit by fire-side,
Say, weather's cold, and who can it abide?
But when they once are up, and out, they find
The day befriends them more than did their mind.
Such is the present case, persons at ease
Count flea-bites, symptoms of some sad disease.
Nothing more certain is, than thou shouldst be
Ready to part with all for God, when he
Calls thee unto it, no enjoyment shou'd
Sever thee from his love, no, not thy blood.
But possibly thou shalt not thus be tri'd;
God in the hollow of his hand may hide
Both thee and thy concernments; thou mai'st have
A sweet and easie passage to thy grave.
He in his Chambers may thee hide, and then
Safe thou shalt be from all the rage of men.
When storms abroad, thy *Halcyon*-days shall last
Until the Indignation's overpast.
Yet grant, that he in wisdom number out
Afflictions to thee, compass thee about
With gall and travel; know that he can roul
In sugar bitter pills, lay in thy soul
With such surpassing joys, as thou shalt be
Even in Heaven, whilest in misery.
Men can no further reach than th' outward part;
He can by speaking peace ravish thy heart.

Of

Of croſſes the world hath not half ſuch ſtore
As God of comforts; for he can do more
To chear thee in an hour, than all the rage
Of enemies to trouble in an age.
He can with grace ſo fortifie thy heart,
So ſhed his love, as thou ſhalt not depart
From him, nor from his ways, his power can
Perfect the work of grace it once began.
And will he ſtick at either? ſurely no,
He'l bare his arm, and broach his comforts too.
If thou ſhouldſt loſe thy land, ſilver and gold,
He will to thee reſtore an hundred-fold.
If for his ſake thou have a thouſand foes,
He, he alone will far out-number thoſe.
When all theſe Stars are darkned, that Sun will
By his reſplendent beams make day-light ſtill.
If thou impriſon'd be, he at that time
Will carry thee into his houſe of wine,
And feaſt thee richly there, ſo in a trice
Turn thy dark dungeon into Paradiſe.
So he hath done for others, who have found
Sweet unſeen conſolations moſt abound.
When they were heavy-laden with the croſs;
Whereby their gains did much outweigh their loſs.
They ſuffer'd all with joy, in priſons ſung.
Accounting all for Chriſt meer droſs and dung.
When the Apoſtles whipt were for Chriſts name,
Away they went rejoicing in that ſhame.
And ſure that God who ſtrengthen'd them, will be,
Act but thy faith, full out as good to thee.

Bur-

Burdens shall be proportion'd to thy back :
When strength is small, yet strength thou shalt
If that thy way at last be dirt and mire, (not lack.
Thou shalt get thorough it, and shalt not tire.
Weather and way fear not, no, fear thou neither,
Both strength & steps thou shalt renew together.
In arms of love Christ will thee carry through
All the sharp trials, which he calls thee to.
Therfore though weak, fear not the wickeds rod,
Weak ones shall be as *David*, he as God.

SOUL.

All will be well : within a change I find
Some settlement in mine once shaking mind.
Time was, I never could hold up my head,
But a doubt came, and struck my comforts dead,
Making me droop again. Did I but take
Hold of a promise, heart and hand would shake.
I thought my self too bold, and still did fear
Such high presumption would cost me dear.
But now the clouds begin to scatter, and
Darkness doth vanish, I now can see land,
Who lately saw nothing but swelling Seas
Of deep and boundless, endless miseries.
When I go out, methinks I see above
God smiling on me with his beams of love.
And when at home I sit, there is good store
Of Gospel-comforts knocking at my dore, (brow,
Commanding entrance, which do smooth my
And I wax cheerful, though I know not how.

Its calm within, without I see it fair:
Those things that threatned, now dispersed are.
Risen the Sun is, and a glorious light
Comes from him, chasing hence my dismal night.
Where fears were rank, sweet consolations grow,
Rejoice I must, whether I will or no. (brought
But how comes this about? what hand hath
Such Cordials in, when of them least I thought?
My peace beginning hath, my fears an end;
But how, I'd gladly know, and who's my friend.
Oh! it is Faith, precious and high born Faith.
Faith's voice alone it is, which to me saith,
Shake off thy dust, fear not, arise and shine,
Thy light is come, God and his all are thine.
Fool that I was! that so long time should be
Spent in such strangeness between Faith and me!
That I the door should ope to every doubt,
And shut at the same time, believing out.
So I will do no more; Faith's my relief,
I will believe, Lord help mine unbelief.
Get thee hence, Satan. Doubts be gone, I will
Relie upon my God, and trust him still.
My sins and sorrows, though they'r manifold,
Shall never force me to let go my hold:
But I upon his grace will hang, and say
Mine thou hast been, art now, shalt be for ay.
He is Immutable, and why should I
Doubt of that love which hath Eternity?
Abiding frowns such love cannot abide,
I'le trust him therefore though he from me hide.

This

This is my fixt resolve, which is not made (fade,
In mine own strength, but thine; Lord, faith would
And soon give way to doubts, were't not each
Preserved by thine own Almighty pow'r. (hour
And so still let it be; grant thou that I
May live believing, and believing die.
Faith is my strength, be thou Faith's strength, till
In Heaven meet once for eternitie. (we
When of these Creature-comforts I have none,
Let me rejoice in thee mine only One.
Whatever I do want, let me all make
Up in thy self, Lord, for dear Jesus sake.
Yea when thou frowneſt, and lay'ſt on thy rod,
Let me relie upon an angry God
Grant me to cast my self, and each affair,
At all times on thy tender love and care.
And Father, while that I by Faith adhere
Unto thy boundless grace, make it appear
Thou hast accepted me. Lord feed my sense
With thine own love; draw up mine evidence
And seal it by thy Spirit; that I may
Glory in thee my God throughout the day.
And when I leave the world, let Angels be
My convoy in my passage unto thee.
Let Hope at last end in fruition,
And Faith be swallowed up of Vision.
Conduct me to that place, where I shall sing
Eternal praise to thee my God and King.

FINIS.